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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

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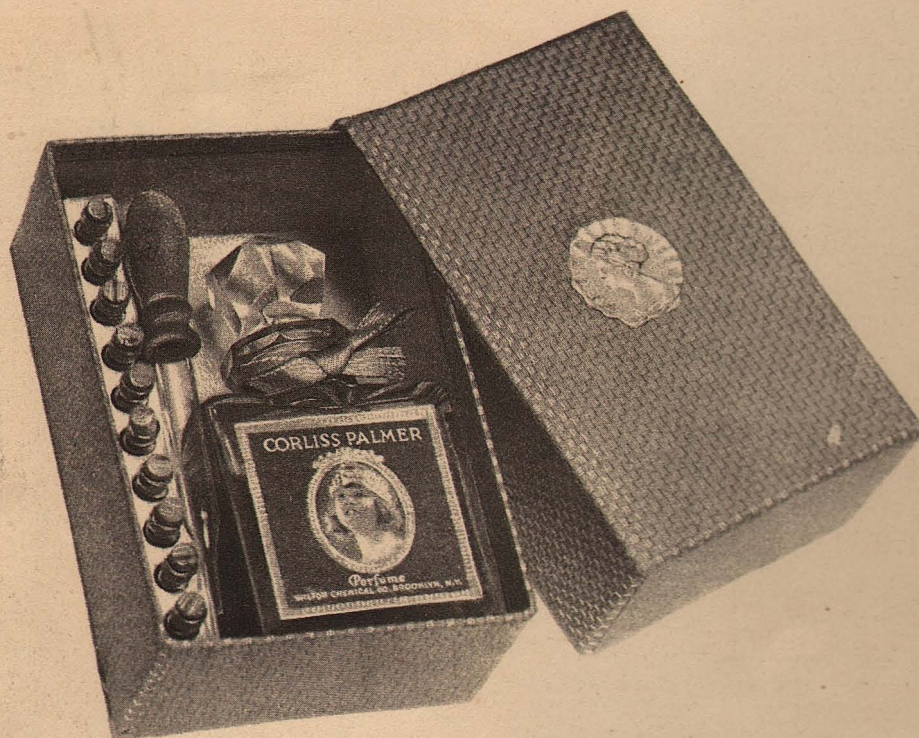
A BREWSTER PUBLICATION



Shirley Mason

Donis may
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TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

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Jeanne Jacques

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems, that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theaters, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and to-day those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people, and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances. Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to deco-

rate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" in Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write, and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner, one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is



traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send \$3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 825, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?



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By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Loudon

Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production

"Find the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by
Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by
George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Crimson Challenge"
By Vingie E. Roe

Wanda Hawley in
"The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade," with David Powell
From the novel by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee,
Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana," by Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"Val of Paradise," by Vingie E. Roe

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

In Production; two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter"
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller

George Melford's "Burning Sands"
From the novel by Arthur Weigall
A man's answer to
Mrs. E. M. Hull's "The Sheik"

THE MAY SHADOWLAND

THERE will be many noteworthy literary features:

Frank Harris contributes a remarkable contemporary portrait of **Thomas Hardy**.

Kenneth Macgowan writes on **Adolphe Appia**, the Italian-Swiss stage pioneer, who has done such notable work in the newer stagecraft.

Sheldon Cheney writes interestingly of the recent International Theatrical Exhibition in Amsterdam, Holland.

Frederick James Smith presents an unusual interview with that genius of the cinema, **D. W. Griffith**.

Benjamin de Casseres presents one of his brilliant literary studies, this time of the immortal **Balzac**.

The month's playlet is one of singular power, "**Mary and Martha and the Magistrate**," by **Edwin Björkman**.

There will be many other remarkable contributions on the arts and current events.

And, of course, **Shadowland** will be beautiful in typography and color printing. Another remarkable issue of "the magazine beautiful."



SHADOWLAND
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. IX

MAY, 1922

No. 3

COVER PORTRAIT—SHIRLEY MASON

From a photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.....*Benjamin Eggleston*

	PAGE
Rotogravure Gallery of Players: Ralph Graves, Helen Ferguson, Dorothy Devore, Laura La Plante and Renee Adoree	11
Winged Feet. They belong to Wallie Reid.....	16
A Rose-Cut Diamond. Pauline Frederick's many facets.....	18
Dorothy Relents. And "looks pleasant please" for.....	20
The Stage Season Ends.....	22
May In California.....	24
Depression, Pessimism and the Photoplay.....	26
The Prisoner of Zenda. Novelization of Rex Ingram's next masterpiece.....	27
Mildred Yea and Nay.....	32
In the Spring— You know the rest of it.....	34
If You Dont Weaken. An interview with George Walsh	36
Yellow Men and Gold. Thrilling fiction.....	38
Lady Godiva. Turn to this page quick!.....	43
Herself. Meaning Marguerite Courtot.....	44
He Plays Golf. T. Roy Barnes does.....	46
The Eternal Salome.....	48
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review.....	49
A Young Lady In Earnest.....	50
Double Exposures.....	52
Channing of the Northwest.....	53
On the Threshold.....	58
Eastern Studio Gossip.....	59
An Apostle of the Human Touch. Bryant Washburn is.....	60
An Immoderate Ambition. Doris May has it.....	62
The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats.....	64
"A Bonny Winsome Wee Thing".....	66
The Prodigal Judge.....	68
The Dust Flower.....	70
The Answer Man.....	72
"My Trip Abroad." A review of Charlie Chaplin's book	76

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The Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

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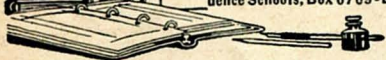
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Stage Plays of Interest

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Apollo.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with the French Revolution as the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading rôles. This is Griffith at his best and the photoplay is well worth viewing.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—"The S. S. Tenacity." A pleasant production of a tender and appealing French drama by Charles Vildroc. Well played and admirably staged by Robert Edmond Jones.

Broadhurst.—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average, intelligent offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured rôles.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Century.—"The Chocolate Soldier." An attractive revival of the delightful comic opera, with Donald Brian and Tessa Kosta featured.

Cohan's.—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stands the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

Eltinge.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin-ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

Garrick.—"He Who Gets Slapped." The Theatre Guild's interesting production of the Andreyev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Jolson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam

Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"The Deluge." An interesting revival of the Henning Berger drama, depicting the reactions of impending death on a number of people imprisoned by a flood.

Republic.—"Lawful Larceny." A conventional melodrama by Samuel Shipman, with a cast including Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinehart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

Selwyn.—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katharine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

Vanderbilt.—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

ON TOUR

"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Dont miss "The Circle."

"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

"The Claw," with Lionel Barrymore. A Parisian importation, dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

"Liliom," the Theatre Guild's production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and

(Continued on page 8)

No Need to Be Fat!

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Being Fat Since
New Discovery

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Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."

(Signed) EARL A. KETTLE,
New York City.

Loses 37 Pounds

"When I started your method I weighed 195 pounds. In six weeks I reduced to 158," (nearly a pound a day) "I am feeling the best I have in 5 years. My friends all ask me what I am doing and I tell them of the wonderful things your method is doing for me. I reduced my waist from 37 inches to 28 inches. I am 61 years old."

MRS. EUGENE WOODHULL,
Utica, N. Y.

Note:—We are particularly pleased to publish Mrs. Woodhull's letter—for after the age of 45 superfluous fat is a constant danger and we advise all who have attained this age to take steps to reduce to normal weight at once.

Above are just a few of the hundreds of letters on file in our office. Nearly every letter we receive first mentions the quick reduction of weight and then states that this reduction is accompanied by better health and improved complexion. This new discovery is the safe, quick, easy, natural way to reduce.

"The first week I lost 10 pounds," writes a grateful woman. One man removed 22 pounds in two weeks! Other women have taken off 30, 40, 60 and even as much as 70 pounds—ALL WITHOUT EXERCISES, MEDICINES, APPLIANCES, STARVING OR BITTER SELF-DENIALS—and with great improvements in health. Try this safe natural way on Free Trial.

JUST follow one simple, easily-understood law of Nature, and you can quickly take off unsightly, burdensome surplus fat—as rapidly as you wish.

It sounds simple—and it is—but until they heard of this remarkable new discovery thousands of men and women suffered with obesity for years—and were hopeless of ever getting rid of the dangerous, disfiguring excess flesh that was seriously impairing their health and vitality.

Here is part of an enthusiastic letter from a woman who was one of these "hopelessly fat" people until she applied this new discovery.

"I weighed 240 pounds. Could not go upstairs without feeling faint. Had indigestion so badly I had to see a doctor. Then I sent for your method. The very first week I lost 10 pounds. I got so I could RUN upstairs. My weight is now 166 pounds (74 pounds lost), and I am still reducing. I never felt better. There is no sign of indigestion. I have a fine complexion—something I never had before, as I was bothered with pimples."

(Mrs.) Mary Denny, 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.

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"That was the best money I ever spent. I lost 40 pounds very quickly and then decided to keep on reducing—but more slowly. Another thing about your course—one does not have to starve one's self, but can eat plenty. I find the delicious menus make every meal a pleasure."

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And the beauty of this safe, natural method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal, youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and en-

ergy it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on free trial.

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Stage Plays of Interest

(Continued from page 6)

brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehar operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but won't admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

"Welcome Stranger." Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

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Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

WAIL OF A SURCHARGED HEART

By WRIGHT FIELD

I am sad,
I am heart-broken.
I do not want to live.
All my past rises before me,
My sins and my sorrows overwhelm me,
Remorse gnaweth at the sore that is my heart
Like the tooth of a cancer.
The future holdeth forth no hope,
No chance for surcease of sorrow,
No alleviation of pain,
Nay, surely all nights to come
Will be as this night!
My heart sinketh within me,
And hope dieth . . .
I, too, want to die;
Again my next-door neighbor playeth on his
trombone—
And ceaseth not!

Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and the use of harmful cosmetics clog them even more, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

The use of harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. Creams very often clog the pores only more. Many lotions and tonics cause enlarged pores and make the skin dry and coarse. Massage helps temporarily, but it stretches the skin and eventually causes it to droop and wrinkle. The natural, scientific way to remove both the blemishes and the impurities **at once** is explained by the remarkable discovery.

The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

Not a Cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic. It is not a skin tonic or beauty lotion. It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them **at once**. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

Special Free Examination Offer

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Complexion Clay is

(Nine)



not on sale. It is sent to you direct, **freshly made**. Although it is a \$3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser of the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful, new discovery.

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter

The beauty of the face is more largely determined by the texture and quality of the skin than by the features. The marvelous new discovery actually absorbs all blemishes and impurities, lifts away the coarse, dull, unsightly complexion and unmasks an entirely new complexion underneath—one as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Because it is not a cosmetic, but a pure scientific and hygienic preparation, it cannot harm the most sensitive skin

what the condition of your complexion may be, Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works **always**.

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Address

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*In her face—the charm
he seeks to find*

Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl can have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use every night the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

JUST before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face every night, a thorough bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

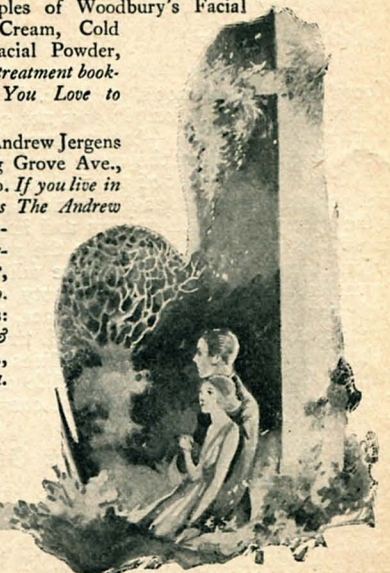
This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake

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A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

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Photograph by Rochlitz

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

RALPH GRAVES

Ralph Graves is a young star whose light is ever growing brighter. He is making a picture now for Goldwyn, with Colleen Moore, under the rollicking title of "Come On Over"



Photograph by Nelson Evans, L. A.

HELEN FERGUSON

This little lady has the best part of her career in "Hungry Hearts," the Russian Jewess, Sara. Miss Ferguson is developing into a sensitive, finely attuned, intelligent actress



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

DOROTHY DEVORE

This alliterative young person is at present lending her piquant personality and winsome charm to the Christie Comedies School. But wait until she graduates!



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

LAURA LA PLANTE

Another attractive newcomer is Laura La Plante, who is busy making two-reel "Westerns" for Universal. She served her apprenticeship with Christie Comedies. Laura's name is a bit flowery, but watch her blossom out



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

RENEE ADOREE

Come back, little queen, and let us adore you again. What! Your husband, Tom Moore, won't let you! We liked "Maid In Heaven," your last picture. Have a heart, Tom!



Winged Feet



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

himself, and several fine fur skins on the floor, pointed to a few of his sports.

We discussed the automobile races at the Beverly Hills Speedway the day before, and he told me how tickled he was when the small boys in the grandstand addressed him as *Wally*, and all about his new Duzenburg he is expecting any day. He told me about his recent duck hunt up at Big Bear, where he and his chum, Bert Hawley, husband of the lovely Wanda, bagged the limit. We talked of love, and he believes it is the maternal in a woman's love that wins and holds a man. He confided several of his pet theories he is following in the physical and mental development of his beloved four-year-old son, Bill, and while scattering driftwood blaze on the fire and watching the gorgeous

colors envelop the logs, he told how he had analyzed this compound in his own laboratory and now mixes the chemicals himself.

If Wallace Reid hadn't become a film actor, he would have written his

If Wallace Reid had not become a film actor, he would have written his name in other colors equally brilliant, for he is a man of many talents

IT'S an open season in thrills, when interviewing Wallace Reid!

Perhaps, one reason is the consciousness that most of the feminine world would envy you your opportunity of spending the afternoon, *tête-à-tête*, with this handsome hero of a hundred film romances.

It was high noon when I arrived at the Reids' beautiful new home in Hollywood; it was dusk when he bade me good-bye and put me safely into one of his high-powered cars, and during these hours we talked on many subjects.

Most of the time we sat in his den, an artistic building separate from the house and facing the swimming pool. The room is so typical of its owner, so thoroly reflects his many interests, that one could almost write a summary of the man from a careful inspection of its contents.

The blazing fire sent its glow over the rows and rows of book shelves, for he is an omnivorous reader, his taste extending from the ancient philosophers thru the French classics—in the original too, down to the best seller of the moment. The piano, many stringed instruments and Victrola signified his intense love for music. A billiard table; a collection of fire arms; boxing-gloves; golf clubs; a string of pipes across the mantel that includes rare specimens from many far-away lands; a couple of oil paintings done by



By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

name in other colors, equally as brilliant, for he is a man of many talents. No one can pick out the letters that spell his success, they are too deeply rooted in the infinite influences that lie behind him, but it seems as if Destiny has always smiled on Wally, for even in the selection of parents he was most fortunate; his father being the late Hal Reid, noted playwright and actor, his mother an F. F. V. and a highly intellectual woman.

Now, the father desired his son to become a writer; the son wanted to be a surgeon—the compromise developed an actor, for when Wallace struck out to stand on his own legs, not content to be known merely as Hal Reid's son, he came West and went into motion pictures, acting, directing and writing scenarios for many productions.



Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

The actor has become the man intensified. Wallace Reid's art has taught him to quicken and deepen his own natural feelings, and his emotions are always in full tones. It is indeed a wonder that this *débonair* hero of high-powered romances can keep his winged feet close to common soil

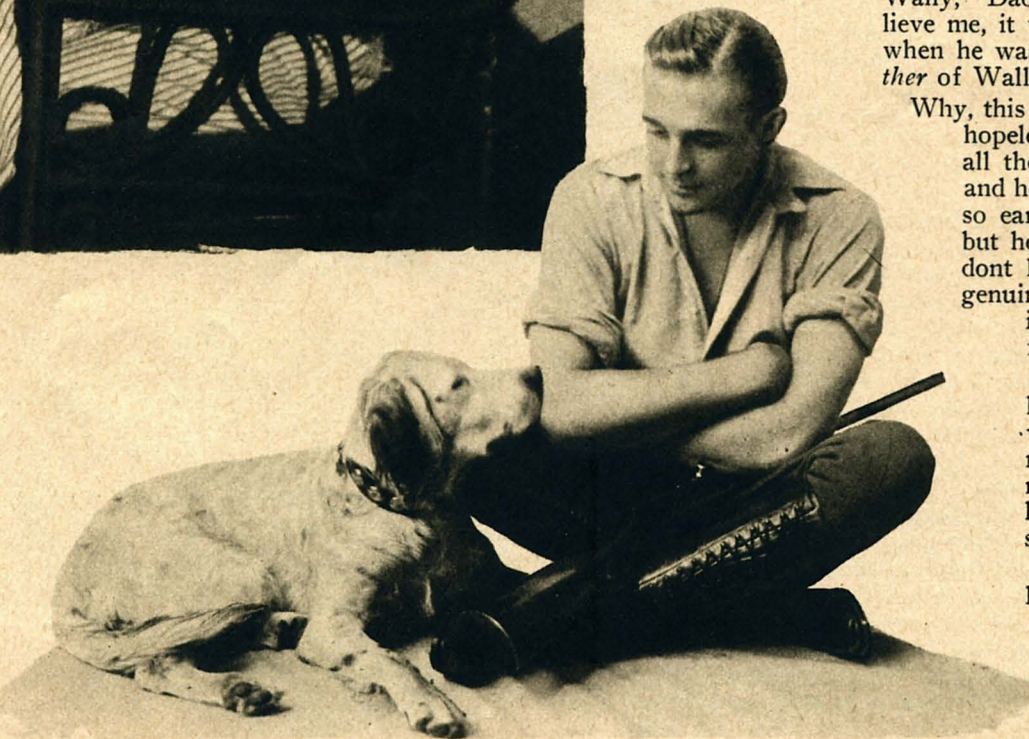
"After I had won a little success," mused Wally, "Dad came out on a visit and, believe me, it was a treat to see his grimaces when he was introduced around as the *father* of Wallace Reid!"

Why, this good-looking youth hasn't been hopelessly, irrevocably spoiled with all the fame and fortune, adulations and honors, that have come to him at so early an age is quite beyond me, but he isn't, not one little bit, and I don't know a more unaffected, more genuinely democratic chap than this idol of a million motion picture fans.

While appreciating all that is his, I think he sits apart and views his success in a detached manner, and his cool appraisal of his artistic possibilities keeps his head from even a slight turning.

He is an odd mixture of a little boy whose illusions have been trampled upon by hard facts and the analytical philosopher seeking an answer to it all.

(Continued on page 77)



A Rose-Cut Diamond



There is nothing elusive or vague about Pauline Frederick. She is as definite as a flaming poinsettia. If more than half of her personality could be put on the screen it would set the silver-sheet on fire!

I AM just discovering that to put an interview with Pauline Frederick on paper is one of the hardest things in the world to do. When this is finished, I am sure it will also be one of the eighth or ninth wonders of the universe. Mentally, she is as nimble as an Australian kangaroo—and as difficult to catch!

This amazing star, whose brilliance cannot be dimmed by such unpromising rôles as the drab "Madame X," and who wins voting contests conducted by little children in England, has as many scintillating facets of character as the rose-cut diamond she wears on the third finger of her left hand.

A chat with her is not a Quaker meeting, I am here to assure you. We met by appointment in the parlor-like office of J. Allan Boone at the Robertson-Cole studio on an afternoon when Pauline was waiting for her next picture to go into production. The last time we had met she was wearing cowboy "chaps" and flourishing a lariat, so I was ready for anything. She is always surprising, and this time she was gorgeously gowned and hatted and wearing a grey fur coat. The hat proved to be too tight and she twitched at it all during the interview. She looked very tiny as she settled into a large, overstuffed chair.

There is nothing elusive or vague about Pauline Frederick. She is as definite as a pile-driver. If more than half of her personality could be put on the screen, it would set the silver-sheet on fire, and in all the ranks of filmdom she is like a flaming poinsettia in a bouquet of daisies.

"What's new?" I asked, by way of getting things started.

That's a mean question to hurl at any picture player, and the answer is usually stereotyped—"nothing." But Miss Frederick plays

ping-pong with bromidic queries, and she caught this full on the point of her polished mental lance, and shot back at me:

"I've just bought another pony, a buckskin, and his name is Comanche." It is characteristic

of her that she made this reply, for since coming to California her life has just been one cow-pony after another.

Her heart is in her garage, which is peopled with horses as well as automobiles. She is one of the few who have not forgotten that there is such a word in the American language as "stable." She can hardly wait to get out of the studio in the late afternoon and aboard a bucking bronco to throw a mean lariat at something.

"And I have decided to stage a

Photographs by
Paul Grenbeaux



By
GORDON GASSAWAY

fight for the poor, down-trodden author," she went on, with a twitch at the big black hat.

"I can't see any sense in paying some well-known writer ten or twenty thousand dollars for a story and then cutting the heart out of it."

Shades of Shakespeare, here's a Daniel come to judgment at last! Hello it from the house-tops and page all the authors in captivity. Much conversation has been spilled in regard to the rights of the author, but nothing has been done about it.

"If all the picture fans, bless their hearts, who spend time writing letters to stars, would devote their pens to demands for better stories, and for stories as written, the screen would get out of its infancy, as the saying goes, and into knickers much faster than it is," she expounded, with a flash from her green-blue eyes and another from the huge diamond full in my face. I couldn't



Photograph by
W. F. Seely, L. A.

She is Latin in temperament, altho she was born in Boston. She vibrates with animation and emotion, and even her tawny complexion, free of *poudre de riz*, her mobile lips and the cameo-like oval of her face, give a Latin cast to her features—an orchid woman in a field of lily girls



tell which was the most binding. The fear of the censor is abroad in the land, and it has settled its shadow on Pauline Frederick. She hurdled from authors to censors in a single conversational leap.

"I'm not gunning for censors as human beings, but for the terrible limitations they are placing on the American screen by the fear of what they may do. They pass foreign-born pictures which raise the hair on your head and yet they censor some of the most harmless situations in our own pictures.

"I am the last person in the world to wish to include doubtful scenes in any picture, but life as it is lived should be put on the screen in its most pleasant phases, even if it doesn't measure up to some of the silly rules laid down by certain boards of censorship. The censors are stifling American motion picture art. Namby-pamby pictures are attributable to the fear of what the censors may do, rather than what they actually accomplish with their sharp little shears."

Interviews, according to Pauline Frederick, are just questionnaires which she can verbally fill out in her sleep. They all have to do with what she wears and what she puts on her face to keep young. This gave me a hint that I was overlooking something in my anxiety to hear her express some views on subjects which are very close to the heart of cinema-land.

"Well," I ventured, "what do you put on your face?"

"Soap and water!" she answered, with another tug at the crown of her hat.

"For a good many years I doped my face with all the creams that anyone recommended to me, until I felt like a pail of lard every

(Continued on page 85)

Dorothy Relents



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Miss Dalton has a very penetrating, keen, down-right, matter-of-fact way of banging the topic under discussion right on the nose!

WE picked out a grand day to burst gaily in upon Dorothy Dalton. She was making out her income tax returns.

There are two days in every woman's life when she craves solitude; one is when she discovers her first grey hair; the other is the day she figures out how much the tax collector is going to take away from her.

With a man it is different. Men do not mind income taxes—no more than losing a right eye or being run over and crushed by auto trucks.

We should have had a premonition that something of the kind was happening; her eagerness to be interviewed was so perfectly restrained. The press agent said she would receive us at eleven at the studio; but when we made a majestic entrance at eleven, it was discovered that the lady was missing. He—the P. A.—dashed gallantly to the telephone and talked to her in tones that sounded both firm and pleading. He came

out of the telephone booth.

"She's awfully sorry," he said. "But she forgot. She will be awfully—that is, I think she will be at the hotel at five o'clock." and one feverish hand clawed at his nervous collar.

When we got there at five, at the hotel, the clerk waved us balefully over to the room phones; and the voice at the other end of the room phone could be heard arguing with a reluctant Dorothy. Dorothy must have lost the argument, for we were finally told we could come up.

But to show you, what a winning personality will do, she greeted us with a chilly "How do you do?" At parting, she gave us a grin, a hand-shake, and "Well, so long."

Also about the middle of the interview, she suddenly signaled to the maid and said, "Tell the chauffeur he need not come until six." Which gave us a nervous feeling that the period of time she had originally set apart for the interview was about as brief as the tenure of office of an anti-Bolshevik dictator in Russia.

Looking back over the triumph of our personality, we feel that the thing that melted her was a question about the real ambition of her life.

"Well, now I am going to give you a real laugh (and, in the circumstances, we were oh so eager even to smile a tremulous little timid smile) I really have a life's ambition. Furthermore, I am going to achieve it if I have to blow up a bank

to get the money to make a picture to do it in. I want to play a comedy part."

"What kind of a comedy part?"

"A real one; not polite comedy with ostrich feather fans and ball-rooms—slap-stick—rough stuff—Mack Sennettish . . ."

"Pies?"

She hesitated right on the brink of her life's ambition. "No; no pies. Pies are out. But honestly, I am absolutely determined that I am going to play a rough comedy part where I am a country girl with little tight curls that stand out like Sis Hopkins. No, I haven't any special play in mind, but I know it will be there for me when the time comes."

The circumstances being what they were, we had made up our minds to maintain a cold and dignified air thruout the interview; but we were surprised into enthusiasm.

Dorothy suddenly drew up a chair and handed us the cigarettes. "You are absolutely right," she said. "It takes more real tenderness and heart and sweetness to play slap-stick and make it human than all the society plays in the world."

Diplomatic relations having been thus established, we are

By
HARRY CARR

prepared to admit right here that Miss Dalton, off the screen, looks younger and more beautiful than in her pictures. She has a very penetrating, keen down-right, matter-of-fact way of banging the topic under discussion suddenly right on the nose. If this interview is a matter of history, it might be added that she had a charming blue Russian gown and a diamond ring far too large to be worn by any young lady in the presence of an income tax return. She has a "now-let's-get-down-to-cases" manner that is a rather refreshing relief from the over-worked sweet innocence of most of the movie stars we have interviewed.

"Do you know," she said, "I always hated Canadian Northwest stories, yet I made all my reputation acting in them. Queer what makes the public like certain things."

"For instance . . ."

"Happy endings," she said. "Now isn't it strange? Here we spend fortunes trying to make pictures true to life. If a girl has to die of heart trouble in a picture, we send for a specialist, to be sure she does it right. We lavish huge sums to make sets exactly accurate; and we actor people spend our lives trying to learn to be natural and true to life. Yet every picture we make seems to be based on one fundamental departure from real life: that is the happy ending. Most real life stories do not end 'right.' They end in tragedy and tears. Most of the great masterpieces of literature have unhappy



Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

Dorothy Dalton says, "The great advantage of pictures is that you only have to work up once to a height of emotion . . . on the screen you can give your whole self to one great effort; and there it remains for all time"



endings. Well, my dear, just try it in a picture! Just try it—that is if you hate yourself!

"Sometimes I get a real thrill out of a picture, trying to imagine how the director is going to evolve the happy ending. When I saw Mr. de Mille's 'Saturday Night,' I sat on the edge of my chair wondering and worrying how he could possibly get them straightened out happily in the end. That is where the real suspense of a picture lies for me. I know the heroine will be saved; but I shudder for the director. It is the director who is locked in the room with all sorts of possible bad endings trying to break down the door to catch him, while the faithful 'happy ending' is riding with clattering hoofs to the rescue. The H. E. always gets there."

I reminded her that many of the foreign films do

(Continued on page 84)

The Stage Season Ends



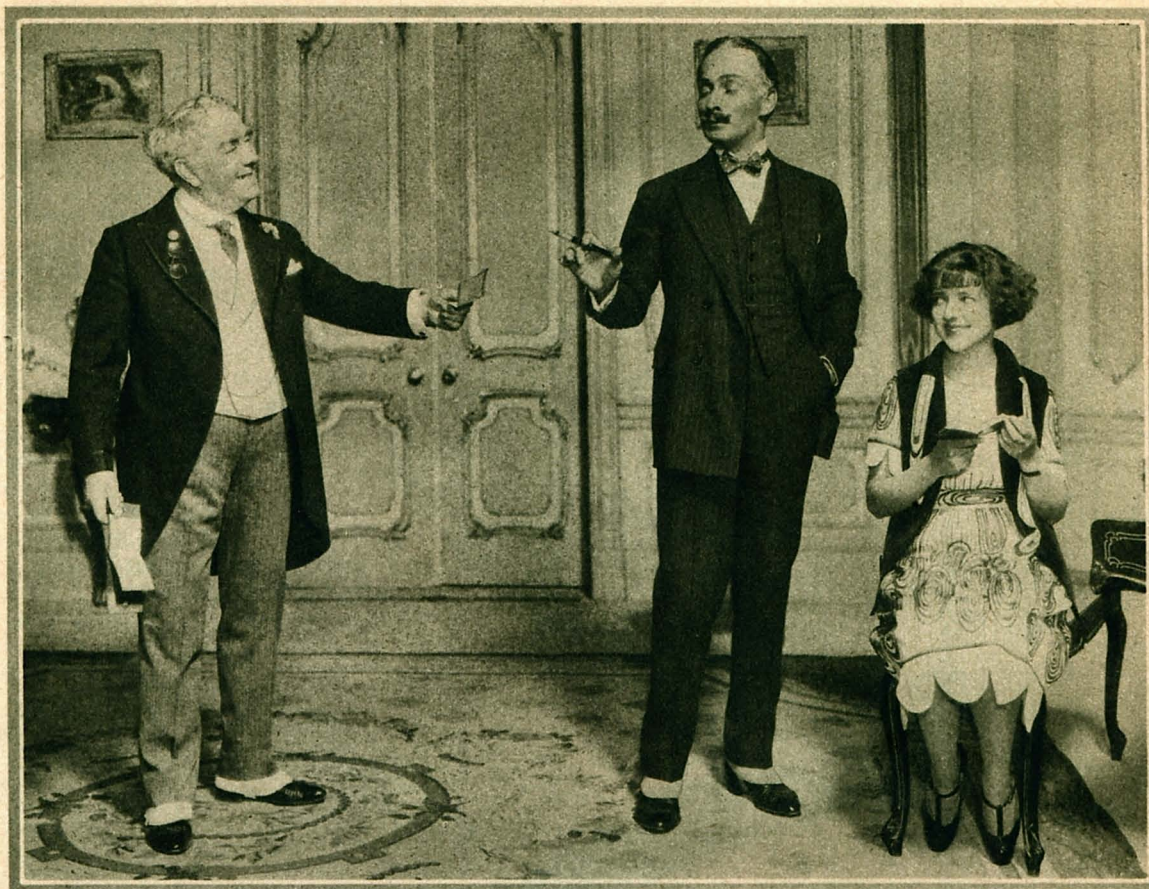
Photograph by White Studios

Top, an interesting sentimental moment in Clare Kummer's quaint comedy, "The Mountain Man," in which Sidney Blackmer has scored a remarkable personal hit. Mr. Blackmer and Catherine Dale Owen appear above. Right, Louise Brunell, one of the prettiest attractions of the musical comedy, "Up In the Clouds"



Photograph by
Bloom-Chica

One of the attractive Belasco productions of the stage year has been "The Grand Duke," in which Lionel Atwill, last season's Deburau, has been starred. In the scene at the right appear John L. Shine, Mr. Atwill and Vivian Tobin



Photograph by White Studios

Alice Brady has a pretty namesake in pulchritudinous Alice Brady of the musical hit, "The Blushing Bride." Miss Brady appears at the right



Photograph by White Studios

Lenore Ulric scored probably the biggest personal hit of the stage year as the delightful *gamin*, Kiki, in the imported French comedy of that name

Photograph by Ira L. Hill



May in California



Photograph by
Spurr, L. A.

AS a matter of fact, it was December in California, but the weather, like the girl, was May-time.

Frankly, I was curious about Mae Collins, the young actress who is almost more widely known because of her friendship with Charlie Chaplin than because of her art. I couldn't help wondering what intriguing qualities she could have that the other queens of the cinema had not—for divergence there must be or King Charles of the funny feet would never have stamped her with the approval of his friendship. But when I arrived at the Collins chateau—an apple-dumpling sort of Hollywood bungalow—and was greeted by the customary colored maid and a frenzied Pekingese, I decided little Miss Collins couldn't be so very different from the *hoi poloi* of filmdom.

"You the lady Miss Collins expected?" queried the dusky one suspiciously thru an inhospitable crack in the door, while Frou-Frou or Fan-Fan yapped an ecstatic welcome. "Well, come in and wait—Miss Mae she done gone out, but she be back—oh, most any time."

"Not so different, not so different, just like all queens—especially cinema queens," I croaked pessimistically to myself as I sank into the yellow damask upholstery.

Green painted furniture, apple green, ornamented the room with an unusual air of brightness, and on the green lacquered table rested a Dresden china bowl heaped full of pink sweetheart roses. There were China-blue silk curtains flapping in the faint breeze and Snooky or Fifi or whatever her mistress called the affectionate animal sniffed at my ankles.

Her face has that smooth fresh-tinted roundness that only seventeen knows. Her figure, too, is rounded; the firm round curves of youth. Her nose is tip-tilted, her mouth delectable

But despite all this charm, the minutes went by placidly one by one. There was no clock, but the sun grew hotter and hotter, showing me that a California mid-afternoon had settled down upon me—alone. My lazy glance noticed a cool marble bathroom opening off the hallway just beyond and a fragrant pink bedroom. Both looked so inviting that I wondered idly why stars don't provide a shower and a refreshing nap for interviewers who await their whims. But I was saved from more mental aberrations by the frenzied pup shrieking at the door, which opened quickly, vibrantly I should say, if a door could vibrate, letting in a great glare of sunlight and a rosy-cheeked girl.

Her radiance seemed to leap at one. Long before I discovered that she was pretty, I knew that she was enthusiastic, vibrant, young. The sort of youth—that stings one to attention.

"I was arrested, that's why I'm late," she caroled as she swung across to me in three long strides, shook hands like a boy, tore off a soft turban hat, flung it on the



By
HAZEL SHELLEY

damask davenport and ran her fingers thru her bobbed locks—in less time than it takes to tell. Then she pulled the trim coat of her plain dark blue tailored suit a bit more into shape and sank into a chair, crossing her knees.

"Whew! I'm a sight, cant help it, no time to primp, you'll have to excuse me. This is my vacation. Ten heavenly days before I begin my new contract. Mary and I—this is Mary Thurman's house, you know, I'm staying with her while mother takes a trip to New York—Mary and I have been swimming, hiking, driving, dancing as late as I wish for once. Making the most of everything, for I dont go out often when I'm working."

Her face has that smooth fresh-tinted roundness that only seventeen knows. Her figure, too, is rounded; the firm round curves of youth. Her nose is tip-tilted, her mouth delectable—she has a frank boyish manner of coming straight to the point. She seems to scorn the usual feminine subterfuges.



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

"I always wanted to write seriously," says Mae, "and some day I am going to. I may be a huge success in this series Mr. Mayer is producing with me—and I may not. I'm going to do my best, but I am also going to keep on writing"

"We must have tea, Marie," she cried, "I'm starving."

Then while she energetically poured my cup and urged numerous little pink cakes upon me—nothing loath—she chatted.

"I haven't been in the films very long, so I find them great fun. I was born and bred in New York City. I never did

anything different from any other well brought up girl until one day I decided I wanted to go on the stage.

In the first place I determined I might as well try at the top first, so I went to see Winthrop Ames. He immediately signed me up for one of the little girl sweethearts in Maeterlinck's 'Betrothal.' At

that time I was exactly fifteen years old, and I attended all the rehearsals before I told my mother.

On the opening night I confessed to her and she couldn't very well object to my going on at the last moment. Anyway, 'The Betrothal' was such a beautiful thing no one could object to their daughter's being in it. Later on I met Anita Loos and John Emerson and they asked me to play in one of their pictures. That's how I happened to come to California—but there you're not interested in all this—it's been told over and over in the papers."

I assured her that I was interested, but her mind had leaped to other matters.

"I wonder what that horrid judge will do to me this time. It's the third time I've been arrested—speeding" (this with a mischievous
(Continued on page 79)

Depression, Pessimism and the Photoplay

By
FREDERICK JAMES
SMITH

"How is business in the theaters thruout the country?" we asked.

"Affected by the depression in proportion to the way the community itself is affected," was Mr. Zukor's answer. "In the agricultural sections, say of the Middle West, business is very bad. Our reports, however, show an improvement here and there thruout the land. New York City is one of the centers of improvement and Manhattan may be considered something of a barometer of the country. We believe the depth of the depression has long since been passed."

"Do you think that the depression in theater attendance may be due to a reaction against pictures—an ebbing of interest?"

"No."

"Do you think that people are tiring of what is called the sameness of photoplays?"

"No, indeed."

"Do you think that the foreign films, principally the German, have caused people to want to break away from the standardized type of American film?"

"Certainly not, for there is no such thing as standardization over here. The few German films have merely created a ripple on our vast sea of film theatergoers."

"You do not think the foreign films have had any effect on our pictures or our audiences?"

"Not the slightest," was Mr. Zukor's reply. "The temporary vogue of costume pictures was due, some of the foreign films merely happened to satisfy it."

Out of respect to Mr. Zukor's extreme faith in the American photoplay, we passed over the fact that not one of our producers would have made a costume picture, being bound by the theory that "exhibitors don't want 'em," had not Ernest Lubitsch's "Passion" broken the way. So we turned to new questions.

"What do American audiences like best at this moment?" we inquired. Only recently D. W. Griffith had told us that Americans like most of all the close-to-the-soil rural drama. Mr. Zukor was equally emphatic in another direction.

"The society drama," he replied.

"You mean the Cecil de Mille type of play?" we asked.

"Exactly," was the answer.

Here is an interesting commentary upon America—if it is true. Gloria Swanson's gowns are then the goal of our American.

(Continued on page 91)



Photograph by Apeda

Adolph Zukor's views of the motion picture of today are those of the conservative. You will search his comments in vain for radical opinions. He believes that all's right with the photoplay—or will be, as soon as good times come again

ADOLPH ZUKOR, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, can safely be considered to represent the business brains of our motion pictures. So, when he says that our photoplay is not passing thru a perilous period of adjustments and advance, but rather is merely in the same depression in which all things

have been plunged, his words have a certain import. You can believe them or not, but, at least, they represent the opinions of "big business" in the world of the cinema.

Mr. Zukor's views of the motion picture of today are those of the conservative. You will search his comments in vain for radical opinions. He believes that all's right with the photoplay—or will be, as soon as good times come again.

We first asked Mr. Zukor for his opinion of the present situation, which is viewed so pessimistically by many of our film leaders.

"It is a reaction to the general depression which has followed the war thruout the world," responded Mr. Zukor. "Nothing more and nothing less."

The Prisoner of Zenda

By

DOROTHY DONNELL

IT is without any idea of indiscreet implication that the chronicler states the simple fact that the red hair and cleft chin, which formed such a striking characteristic of the sons of the English House of Rassendyll, dated back to shortly after the visit of one of the Rudolfs of Ruritania to England to attend the coronation ceremonies of Queen Victoria. This Rudolf, it may be stated, had red hair and a cleft chin, and was seen to be extremely attentive to the beautiful Countess Amelia, wife of the Baron Rassendyll. Let us say no more, except to add—in the interests of strict historical accuracy—that the then Baron Rassendyll had black hair and a receding chin and his hobby was raising fancy goldfish with an incredible number of tails.

All this in explanation of the presence of Rudolf Rassendyll, the great-great grandson of the fair Amelia, in the first-class compartment of an extremely third-class railroad train picking its way across the recently altered map of Central Europe *en route* to attend the coronation ceremonies of the young king Rudolf; returning, as it were, the visit of the king's great-great grandfather so long ago. This English Rudolf was possessed of an ironic humor, a reckless insouciance of temperament, which had undoubtedly shortened the late war materially, an attitude of mixed indifference and gay gallantry toward the ladies and a passion for any chance or choice that would enliven the dull warp of living with the bright crimson thread of Romance.

Not that this trip to watch the pompous ceremonials of a small, out-of-the-world kingdom's coronation promised much in the way of romance. Yet, after comparing the portrait of the young king with his own reflection in the mirror, the freak had struck him of meeting the original of the portrait, face to face, to see whether, indeed, two people could possibly look so much the same. He was beginning to be bored, however. Perhaps it would be better to go to the Riviera where he was certain to meet some interesting people of either one of the two classes of his acquaintances; class number one being ladies and gentlemen of title and comfortable purse, class number two being neither ladies nor gentlemen in the strict sense of the words, but light-hearted freebooters of life who showed small golden heels to the world in cafés and theaters of the boulevard and wore clothes in a way that no high-born ladies or countesses ever could hope to wear them.



And then, to bolster up his weakening resolution to attend the ceremonies of his royal double, the King appeared opportunely, a svelte, piquant young person, all ribbons and medals and charming ankles and undulant and glittering hair, who greeted him in a shower of French rapture and filled the compartment with a gay souvenir of the kind of violets that bloom in Parisian boudoirs.

"But it is a miracle, yes! To find you here, *mon cher* Rudolf! You have been a naughty man to leave me so long lonely, but



Louis Lee

Princess Flavia caught the glance of her waiting-maid upon her, and flamed like any common happy girl caught dreaming over her lover's picture

I will forgive you if you will entertain me the entire way to Streslau! You go to Streslau, yes?"

Antoinette de Mauban belonged to the second class of Rudolf's expensive acquaintance, being a

dancer in the Café Montmartre, the sort of place where the ladies who may be seen eating at the little tables are not the wives of the gentlemen who sit opposite them. As he conversed in the persiflage of the boulevards with this cordial young person, Rudolf sought a stray memory that seemed to connect her name with that of some prominent foreigner. Aha! He had it now—it was she whom rumor asserted Duke Michael, half-brother of the King of Ruritania, had visited several times *incognito*. His instinct for romance was aroused. For surely it was not the custom at a royal crowning for the members of the king's family to invite the Antoinette de Maubans unless—

Unless what? That was what, with his utmost suavity and diplomacy, Rudolf could not find out from his vivacious companion, altho once it seemed as tho he were close to discovery. And that was when, with smoldering, gaseous flames in her pale eyes, Antoinette spoke of the Princess Flavia, she of the natural golden coronet of hair and the profile of a flying nymph in some Greek frieze.

"What men see in a cold woman!" shrugged Antoinette, lips scornful. "She has ice water in her veins and white cheeks. For all her royalty she is a raw schoolgirl, *gauche*! And yet everybody seems to be mad over her! *Mon Dieu*!" She took out a complete little repair kit for beauty and recarmined her

lips, seeming to find solace in the result.

Duke Michael had then been tactless enough to fall in love with the Princess Flavia. That saw itself! But if he were no longer enamored of this enticing little Parisienne, why had he sent for her? To help him with some scheme—yes, possibly. It was a use to which the conscienceless often put their last year's loves, judging diabolically that they will do anything they are asked in the hope of rewinning their position.

Rudolf, relying on his instinct, left the train and the vivacious Antoinette at Zenda, a little town a few miles this side of the capital. Romance, as he had already discovered, couldn't be captured with a bold stroke, it must be stalked cunningly like wary game. In Zenda he might discover its trail and follow the scent at his leisure.

A cluster of houses with picturesque roofs and extremely naïve notions of plumbing, a well in the square where the women in red and blue kerchiefs filled their pails with water and the air with the clatter of gossip, a small chapel with a wooden Christ crucified in realistic agony—this was Zenda. Rudolf found a thick venison steak and a talkative

Mine Host at the Three Ears of Wheat and, while doing justice to the one, put a few casual queries to the other, eliciting a fact that caused him to shake hands with himself to the amazement of the innkeeper.

The king was at Zenda, spending the few days before his coronation in rest and retirement at his brother the Duke's hunting lodge! Tomorrow morning he would leave for Streslau, to assume his crown on the following day. If he had been keeping an appointment with Destiny, he could not have done better.

In the Zenda forest Rudolf made his way along the sun patterned pathway, singing lustily a certain lay relating to a second-hand rose, which the hand organs were playing all along the Strand when he left England. He was twenty-seven, healthy, and with enough money to assure a jingle when he slapped his pockets as long as he lived. What more can one ask of Fate? Except, perhaps, to pluck one single feather from Adventure's golden wing to wear in one's cap when grey days come.

And around the turning of the road it might have been heard now, beating the air with its pinions. Tho all that Rudolf saw were two men on horseback riding toward him. But when they came closer, he saw that they wore gorgeous uniforms and haughty mustaches, and were staring at him as tho they beheld something incredible and not to be believed. "Sire—" began one, faltering, but the other interrupted him with an oath.

"By the Lord, it is not he! And yet that hair—those features, 'tis as tho they had been made after one pattern—"

"Such as the hair and features are, they undoubtedly belong to me," Rudolf confessed with a droll smile, "but indeed it is not the first time that people have noticed the resemblance

to your august prince! However, I am an Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyll, at your service!" He bowed, while the two horsemen consulted hurriedly.

"Colonel Sapt," the one with the most gold braid on his uniform introduced himself, "Aide-de-camp of the King! Fritz von Tarlenheim who likewise serves his Majesty. And now, sir, it occurs to us that our royal master would be amused to meet his double face to face, for indeed a mirror would hardly give back truer lineaments of Rudolf of Ruritania! If you could change your plans and come with us——"

"I have no plans!" Rudolf said airily. "To make plans is to live by rote, which I detest. I take what comes, as I take now the opportunity to meet your king. I have always had a fancy that I would become the ermine myself," he smiled mockingly. "It runs in my family to have a taste for kings!"

When Rudolf of Hyde Park and Rudolf of Ruritania stood side by side a little later, it was possible to discover differences. The Englishman was ruddy; the king pale with shadows of dissipation under his eyes, out of which boredom peered wearily at a world that lacked savor. And yet they were amazingly alike, so much so that faint interest awoke in the king's listless face and he said, chuckling, that the resemblance showed that his ancestor had been most hospitably treated while on that long-ago visit to England.

"Dine with me, cousin Rudolf!" he insisted, in careful English. "For cousin you are, unless chins and noses lie! And tell me how the world looks thru eyes so like mine."

They made a delightful meal of it, abandoning English for French which both spoke fluently, speaking of the gay world which lay far beyond the borders of Ruritania, the Opera Comique, the latest music-hall hit, the season at St. Moritz. During the meal—Rudolf remembered afterward—a servant brought in a bottle on a salver "with the compliments of Rupert of Hentzau."

"A crony of Michael's," the king explained, "bad blood, I've a notion, but his wine is well enough. Will you drink with me, cousin?"

Rudolf barely touched his lips to the glass. Instinct again, for ordinarily he was no prude and looked upon the wine when it was red or white or any other color. But, cameo-clear upon the path of sunlight from the window, he had caught an instant's glimpse of a face shadow. It was not Sapt's or Fritz's. The nose was blunt, the lips seemed to smile exultantly, as tho at something going on within the room. When the king looked the other way, Rudolf emptied his glass into the tub of an oleander tree close by his chair.

In her apartment in the royal palace Princess Flavia sat the next afternoon, while the sound of hammering from the avenue below her windows spoke of the erection of the great Colonnade of Honor thru which the coronation party would ride on the morrow. Or perhaps it was her heart she heard, as she looked down at the silver framed photograph of Rudolf in her hands and remembered how he had looked an hour ago when she had watched him from behind her curtains riding into the courtyard at the head of his aides.

Something about the air of him, sitting very gallant and débonair upon his black horse, had set her cool maiden pulses beating hotly as no other man, and this man at no other time, had ever made them beat before. Yet she and Rudolf had been plighted from childhood and the betrothal would be announced at the Great Coronation Ball two days later. It had not occurred to her to question this disposi-

tion of herself; princesses, she had been taught, had no choice in these things—their duty was to the People.

But what if she were learning to love this man whom she was to marry for the People's sake? The silken folds of her negligée rustled with her quickened breath, and she saw the pictured face in her hands thru a strange glamour. She had thought him a weakling, a little man in a big man's body, she had shuddered from the touch of his cold flabby hands that felt like dead flesh. Yet, an hour ago he had looked like the king he was to be—the difference was that between a man standing in the shadow and one standing in the sun.

Flavia caught the glance of her waiting-maid upon her and flamed like any common happy maid caught dreaming over her lover's picture. It was late summer, but she could have sworn that the air was wistful and ecstatic with spring and the scent of frail white flowers that grow by rushing brooks. Tomorrow she would see him again, standing in the Cathedral to be crowned, a great man, but not too great to be loved.

In the Cathedral the light was like a dim tapestry, embroidered with brilliant colors, the purple of pomp, the crimson of State, and the blue and yellow fires from ladies' jewels. Thru the rose windows above the altar the sunshine poured like golden wine upon the tall figure kneeling to receive the crown, giving him the look of some young knight of old fable, mystic, strange. Of those who watched the crowning of Rudolf the Tenth of Ruritania, two stood side by side, yet swept by emotions as various as the North wind is unlike the South.

Duke Michael could not believe the evidence of his eyes. Rudolf was here, yet not an hour ago he had received the message from Rupert of Hentzau confirming the one of the day before: "If Rudolf receives a crown today, it will be a heavenly crown. All went as planned. R."

All went as planned! And here was Rudolf receiving the crown upon his bowed head that even in the dusk of the Cathedral flamed with the ancestral crimson of his line. Now

he was standing, pale and dignified, reading his first speech to his people as their chosen lord,



with a boyish and ingenuous embarrassment from a parchment scroll, in the sonorous Latin tongue. The Duke trembled with the necessity of choking back the murderous jealousy and chagrin that swept him as he advanced to kneel and swear allegiance. Then, rising, he made way for the Princess Flavia and, losing himself in the crowd, left the Cathedral.

A sentimental sigh, gusty with tears, rose from the throng as they watched the girl in her white and gold robes sink down before the king and touch the hem of the royal cloak with lips faintly pink and curving, as some frail petal of the spring. Rudolf raised her and they stood an instant lost in one another's eyes, alone in the presence of the watching thousands as tho a spell had transposed them to some secret and enchanted isle.

"How they love!" whispered the wife of a diplomat enviously; the diamonds on her bare, bitter white bosom sent forth cold flames. "What happiness—to be young and beautiful and loved by a king!"

"It is like a story," murmured a worldly dowager who had buried three husbands. Her two chins shook emotionally, "he looks like Lohengrin or that dear delightful what-you-may-call-'em who slew the dragon."

"You will ride back to the palace beside me?" Rudolf asked in French. "You will ride with me all the way?" The passionate intensity of his tone seemed to be asking another thing of her. It was the other thing she answered, with eyes lit with the soft flames of the candles on the altar.

"All the way—with you—my lord!"

"There they go, smirking and ducking like puppets to the tune of the fools' bravas!" Duke Michael said bitterly. "I would have made a better king for them. It takes a man with guts to rule that rabble!"

"Say rather—you *will* make a better king!" Antoinette de Mauban spoke softly. "What would you give me if I told you a secret that would put the crown upon your head?"

The two stood at the window of her hotel room, looking down upon the tossing flags, the dense throngs between which was passing the gilded carriage of State. "What do you mean?" He seized her arm roughly so that she gave a cry of pain and loved him the more for the hurt. A primitive woman, she

adored the brute in man. He might have whipped her and she would have crept to him and kissed his boots.

"Eat first," she said in a voice shaken with love, "and then I will tell you."

He sat down, a black, scowling hulk. "Eat! With failure sticking in my throat! Pshaw—why do I listen to you? Why did I let you come away from your boulevards? If I hadn't spent last evening with you, I could have gone to Zenda and seen the business thru with my own eyes instead of letting Rupert blunder it!"

Antoinette slipped to her knees before him, laying her fantastically waved head upon his breast. "Was not last night worth losing a kingdom for, my Man?" she murmured in a drugged voice. "But there! Nothing is lost if you will listen to me. But I would rather stick a knife into your heart than think of you sitting beside that simpering flaxen fool on the throne! Promise Flavia shall never be queen, and I will make you king with a single sentence!"

He looked at her dubiously. "Speak it, then! I have no patience for riddles!"

She gazed up with eyes that caressed. "Rudolf had not the only red head and square chin in the world," said Antoinette triumphantly, "and a crown does not always make a man a king! Were you blind that you did not see that it was not your spineless brother who wore his robes today?"

"Not—Rudolf?" His slower wits groped after her. "Nonsense! Who was it then?"

"An Englishman named Rassendyll. I tell you I rode with him on the train not three days since. I met him years ago at the races at Auteuil—does a woman forget the eyes that have gazed at her, the lips that have kissed her? Oh, there's no mistake—but go to Zenda and prove it! And then come back"—her eyes glittering like mica between closed lids—"come back and thank me—"

"By the Eternal God!" swore Duke Michael, giving her a hasty kiss and putting her aside, "I will!"

At that moment, in an anteroom of the palace, three men faced each other palely. One, still in the royal robes of the newly crowned king, broke what had been the silence of horror with an effort. "You say—the king is kidnapped? And his



In her apartment in the royal palace the Princess Flavia sat and played chess with Marshal von Strakenz, but her mind was not on the game

servant murdered? But who—"

"He was drugged first, wasn't he?" asked Sapt with a groan. "Hentzau, of course! Michael is clearing the way to the throne, but he won't kill Rudolf to my way of thinking, for fear of you."

"A short reign you're likely to have!" Fritz croaked, making the gesture of slashing his throat. "You had better save your skin, my friend, while it still is whole enough to keep your blood from spilling!"

Rudolf Rassendyll flung back his head and laughed, a very gallant, joyous laugh, seeing before the eyes of his soul a woman's face, all pearl and rose, with eyes that drowned thought in their blue depths. "Run away?"

Not much!" he cried. "I'll stay and hold King Rudolf's job till he can take it himself, which God send will be soon! Have a dozen men you can trust sent to Zenda to find out what they can—oh yes, and look up a frizzle-headed bit of drygoods with the Rue de la Paix trade-mark on her, named Antoinette de Mauban. She's first cousin to Trouble, that girl, I'm willing to bet my brand-new crown!"

It took Fritz quite two days to follow the elusive Antoinette's violet scented trail, which led him finally to the chateau at Zenda, adjoining Duke Michael's hunting lodge. That the master of the place might be within was unlikely, Fritz reasoned, since for the sake of appearances he would be at the Coronation Ball, meanwhile—also for the sake of appearances, he would have left the lady at home. Which deductions proved to be correct in both cases, and he spent a pleasant but profitless evening of verbal fencing with the adroit, and slippery Antoinette that had no result until he happened to mention the name of Princess Flavia.

Instantly she grew rigid. "Tell me"—she leaned to him, panting, lips red and venomous—"tell me, does Duke Michael love that creature with her face of curd?"

Even Fritz's slow wits grasped his cue. "Oh yes!" He waved his hand carelessly, as



tho relating a matter of common knowledge. "He will surely marry her unless Rudolf, the king, does so. Everyone knows that."

Antoinette laughed shrilly. Presently she grew quiet. "Then Rudolf, the king, shall marry her! Listen to me, fool! The red head prancing about at the ball tonight is not the king but one they have substituted, because the real king was drugged the night before his coronation."

"You came, no doubt, Princess, to satisfy your anxiety in regard to King Rudolf's safety?" said a suave voice in their ears, bringing them apart to find Colonel Sapt beside them

Fritz pretended vast astonishment and incredulity. "Pooh! A pretty story—then where is the king?"

The angry demi-mondaine pointed a jeweled finger downward. "In the cellar of this chateau, a prisoner!" she cried. "Tonight, as soon as Michael receives word that his hireling the Lizard has stabbed the puppet in the palace, Rudolf will be strangled, and the Duke will fall heir to his throne and his betrothed!" Flecks of froth foamed at her mouth. She was a creature possessed of the devils of jealousy. "Go—quickly or you will be too late to (Continued on page 74)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

Fictionized by permission from the Metro Pictures Corporation's offering of the Rex Ingram production of the adaptation by Mary O'Hara of the story by Anthony Hope. The cast:

Rudolf Rassendyll	}	Lewis Stone
King Rudolf		
Princess Flavia		Alice Terry
Colonel Sapt		Robert Edeson
Black Michael		Stuart Holmes
Rupert of Hentzau		Ramon Samaniegos
Antoinette de Mauban		Barbara La Marr
Count von Tarlenheim		Malcolm McGregor
Marshal von Strakenz		Edward Connelly
Countess Helga		Lois Lee

Mildred Yea and Nay

With Special Photographs
by Kenneth Alexander



ledge near a steaming radiator. "Let's have coffee sent up, mother, please. I'm cold and hungry and there's so much packing to do." Jumping up to turn over a pile of neatly folded clothing and hopelessly disarranging it.

"You have been shopping, of course," I said; and gazed longingly at the heap of lingerie of quality and quantity that only movie stars can ever hope to possess.

"Oh, yes," she responded disinterestedly, "but the theaters! The restaurants! The dancing! *Such a two weeks!*"

"But this is not your first visit to New York—you lived in Philadelphia."

"So I did," she said with roguish glint of blue eyes. "But you know we were Quakers. We said 'yea and nay' and 'thee and thou' and applied every Scriptural injunction literally." I went to a Friends school and we lived very quietly. Poor old William Penn and all my illustrious ancestors turned over in their graves, I suppose, when we left the home in Philadelphia that had been ours for fifty years and went to Seattle, Washington. And when I took dancing lessons and went later to Los Angeles and into the movies, they must have simply writhed in distress. But if they could have seen me in New York!

"Honestly, I never had been to any real theaters before. We went nearly every night and to every matinée. After the performance we would go some place and dance—sometimes to two or three places. Mr. Lloyd is in our party, you know, and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach, and we all have been wild together.

"No, I should not want to keep it up indefinitely. And I'm not sure that I would like being in New York all the time. Everything and everybody goes at such a terrific rate of speed. Whether it's business or pleasure, every moment counts and there's little ceremony about it.

"When I had been here a day or so, I went down one afternoon all dressed up and trying to be very dignified and stopped outside the hotel for a taxi. In a minute or two a dilapidated affair drew up and the driver stepped out and said, 'Taxi, lady.' Out home I would never dream of getting into such a tacky looking thing, so I stepped back and said, 'I don't think I want that—isn't there a—a better one?'

"'What do you mean a better one,' he said scornfully, holding open the door. 'This is a taxi—what more does you want? Step lively, Miss,' and he gave me a shove that landed me head first on the seat and away we went."

As Mildred Davis rehearsed the scene between herself and the irate taxi driver, it was to understand why she is the perfect comedian. She has the sense of humor that can see

0
"But you know we were Quakers. We said 'yea and nay,' and 'thee and thou,' and applied every Scriptural injunction literally," said Mildred Davis roguishly, discussing her ancestors. "If they could have seen me in New York!"

eyes, a mass of bright hair standing out from her head in every direction. She was holding about her a dainty silk kimono. Below it peeped the frills of her pajamas and a pair of tiny slippers.

"I'm a sight," she said, "but come in. We're just out of bed—mother and I—and our train leaves at one." Two tumbled beds, and an attractive young woman, looking not very much older than Mildred herself, who was hastily emptying the contents of a closet and several drawers, bore witness to this statement.

"*Such a two weeks,*" sighed Mildred blissfully, seating herself before a mirror and making futile dabs at her flowing hair—finally curling her diminutive self up on the broad window

I DON'T know why the powers that be did not plan it differently, but the very morning that Mildred Davis was leaving New York for the Coast I was sent to interview her.

She opened the door of her suite at the Biltmore very cautiously, revealing at first only a pert nose, two big blue

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

the funny side of everything — even tho it may be directed against herself. That she is the joke makes it all the funnier. A humor as rare as it is wholesome.

Hers is a rare talent, too—and we are glad that she developed it. Glad that she broke away from the eternal severities of her illustrious ancestors and put on the cap and bells—that she is making it her job to serve the common good by practising and promoting the gospel of laughter.

Perhaps in the time of William Penn, she philosophizes, life was so simple that it needed no sedative of foolery. Even tho



Hers is a rare talent, too—and we are glad that she developed it—glad she broke away from the eternal severities of her illustrious ancestors and put on the cap and bells—glad that she is making it her job to serve the common good by practising and promoting the gospel of laughter



they were unfailingly serious they could be happy. But today with its problems and worries needs laughter as a relief from the strain and stress of modern life.

"I have enjoyed this holiday the more," she continued, "because it was so unexpected. We expected to come East, but not until a little later. But one of the men in the picture we were making met with an accident which held up the production and we took advantage of it to come East.

"It has all been perfect except that I had to pose for a lot of pictures. When I get on the train this afternoon, I shall just be quiet and relax, and when we get to the Coast I will be all rested. And I'm going to try to sort out all the things that are jumbled up in my mind, so that I can tell what plays I've seen and what I liked best.

"And my small brother, Jack," she said gleefully, gathering up an army of toys and a varied assortment of books, "maybe I won't be glad to get back to him!"

We have a wholesome respect for Quaker blood. It produces good American stock—also beauty of high quality—the quality that takes generations of gentle

(Continued on page 75)

In the



"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." You know that old line — who doesn't? You know it's true — and here's the proof, Occidental and Oriental, old and new

In the circle, Ralph Graves woos his leading lady, Colleen Moore. Below Jack Abbe looks wistfully at a coquettish Winter Blossom. Right, Sessue Hayakawa vamps his own wife, and at the bottom of the page, Norma Talmadge listens to sweet nothings

Spring—



Above Pharaoh in a moment of relaxation just after building a pyramid. Circle, even Will Rogers essays romance. Below, Jacqueline Logan responds to the spring as well as Raymond McKee, and at the bottom of the page, Joseph Schildkraut plays gallant to Lillian Gish



You know this love business started in the Garden of Eden and has been going strong ever since. Right on this page are four different epochs—all the same thing. And if any doubt remains, consult your own manly chest about May first—B. C., A. D., C. O. D., it doesn't matter

Photograph by Frank Diem

If You Dont Weaken



in public or else people are disappointed in you. "Not long ago I had to make a personal appearance one evening at a theater. I'd had a hard day at the studio and in order to look and feel fresh for the stage I did a few turns in the swimming pool at the club. However I stayed in the water a bit longer than I expected.

"When I got to the theater, my hair was still wet. Ordinarily it is rather curly, but the water made it 'lay' straight back. When I was coming out of the theater, I heard some girls discussing the appearance, and one of them very disgustedly said:

"'I bet he wears a wig in pitchers. His hair ain't curly—an' I dont like it straight!'"

Of course we laughed at the ridiculousness of the whole thing. But the public's idea of an actor generally is ridiculous. We interviewers usually discover

Photographs by Freulich



PROFES-
SIONAL
athletesor-
dinarily make me sick. They're so full of vim, vigor and vitality that they never give anyone a chance to notice anything except how healthy they are. Usually they are a great disappointment, and you get bored to death watching them strut and puff and expand their ten-inch chests.

But I have met a prof. athlete who is a bit different; who combines a certain amount of *élan* with a superabundance of muscle; who is both natural and brainy—a regular good fellow—
George Walsh

You go to interview them; you go away without having heard them say anything else than how grand they are—how they can whip every other athlete that was ever born and all that.

But I have met a prof. athlete who is a bit different. Who combines a certain amount of *élan* with a superabundance of muscle. Who is natural, and brainy, and a regular good fellow—George Walsh.

To me it has always seemed regrettable that Walsh has never been given his real chance to act. In other words, his chest has stood in his way. He has the most glorious physique a he-man could ever have. Furthermore he has a fine, sympathetic nature and a headful of real ideas. What better combination for an actor?

But, it's just as he says—the public seem to like to see him in celluloid athletics. Admittedly he is a *matinée* idol. He says that sometimes he wishes he weren't, yet he also declares that *matinée*-idolship is frequently a delectable state. Nor is he conceited.

"Being a *matinée* idol," he said, and laughed, "isn't all it's cracked up to be. You have to look your very best every minute you're out

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

that they're human, interesting folk, very much engrossed in the business of making a success of themselves.

And, as Walsh said, being a professional hero has its many drawbacks. He told me a story—not for publication—and I can't resist the temptation. I've heard of the same thing happening to any number of other young men who make their living by starring in pictures. Hence:

Some time ago Walsh got a "fan" letter from an English girl. Film stars don't usually answer their own mail, but this particular note was so well written that he made an exception to the rule. The girl would write other letters—purely platonic—and Walsh, feeling that he had made a real friend, replied. But, however, came a letter one day telling that the girl loved him, asking him to come to England to marry her. He was horrified, and cabled that such a step was impossible.

"It frightened me to death!" he declared. "I didn't know what to do. I could already see headlines in the newspapers as to how a



Photograph by Lewis Smith, Chicago

And what makes me like Walsh is the fact that he looks at issues squarely. He doesn't try to avoid them. He is happy now that he is sufficiently popular to be a star, yet he does not expect to remain a star until he's ninety

film star had enticed a harmless girl from her home across the seas."

But the girl ignored the cable. George didn't hear from her and thought the incident closed, until, some days later, a telephone call at his hotel informed him that the girl was in Montreal, ready to be brought into this country. Step by step, she pressed the matter until she finally moved into a New York apartment near Walsh's. It was only, with the greatest difficulty that he could induce her to return to England.

"I think I had to tell her I was already married to convince her," he laughed.

Walsh is very sensible. He realizes that every film star has his day; that, eventually, new faces will replace the older ones on the screen. When his day is over, he is not going to hang around studios looking for work, he says. Instead, he is going into business.

He has a trainer now who has trained most of the Olympian athletes. Already the two are making plans to sponsor a gymnasium in New York or Chicago. In fact, that

(Continued on page 83)



Photograph by
Woodbury, L. A

MYSTERY, Adventure, Romance, Love — the editors say that's what the public wants, not this morbid Russian dope where everybody commits suicide before the end, including the reader; or this realism stuff where people go around with their souls undressed, and the highest point of the action comes when somebody kicks the cat. Mystery, Adventure — all right, here goes. If I don't put a story across pretty soon, I'll have to get out of the habit of eating.

Let's see. It wouldn't be a bad idea to start out with a murder. Everybody likes murders. There's the mystery—who killed him and why. Now for the adventure part—hidden treasure! Stevenson didn't have any copyright on the idea. For romance, how about a desert island and a fight between two rival companies of treasure hunters? As for the love, that only needs two people, a man and a girl. The mirror yonder will give me my hero, and here's my heroine in this silver frame, bless her heart! Now let's go!

A heavy mist, coupled with the autumn dusk, had sucked up the world like grey blotting-paper. Thru the fine film ordinary objects looked phantomlike, ghastly, like things seen under water. James Parrish, hurrying home to the little cottage on the edge of the glen where he had spent a fruitless summer writing fiction and growing cabbages (which were far more successful than the fiction) found himself thinking that it was a night for strange happenings, for the Unusual to stalk abroad.

And hardly had the thought been formulated than he heard a sound, half cry, half moan, somewhere in the mist close at hand. Dropping his package of books, he stood still, waiting for the sound to be repeated. Ah, there it was again—"For the love of Christ—someone—come—"

Breasting the murk, Parrish made his way down the sides of the glen, the trickling of water growing nearer with every plunge. He was almost upon the brook when the cry rose again at his feet, and he saw a dark huddle stirring feebly on the wet ground. A white face stared up at him like a clay mask of pain as he knelt beside it. "Get the wallet—under the spotted rock," came gasping from the blue lips, "they've killed me—for it—"



Not so bad for a start, eh? People will wonder what's in the wallet, and the spotted rock has a mysterious sound. Now, let's see. The plot has got to start along here. I might have the murderer appear. No, better not have my hero see him yet.

Parrish felt as tho he were moving in some nightmare dream from which he would waken in a moment. Dead! He had seen death at close quarters in

France and knew its blue-white pallor only too well. A hasty examination showed that the man had been stabbed thru the stomach with a blunt instrument—his heart beat more thickly as he

thought, "It couldn't have happened more than a few minutes ago! The man who did it must be near here somewhere, hiding in the fog."

Parrish wasn't a coward, as many a German ghost could have testified, but the fog was suddenly full of watchful eyes, of reaching bloody hands, and panic seized him, the unreasoning panic of the Unseen. He ran wildly, splashing thru the brook, stumbling thru heavy red clay and finally falling headlong over a rock. As he picked himself up, sobered by the shock and ashamed of his fear, he thought that he heard footsteps stopping abruptly behind him—or perhaps they were the beating of his own heart. For the rock over which he had stumbled was blotched with lichen and pitted with mica like pockmarks—"the spotted rock—"

In an instant he had rolled it from its socket and stooping, picked up a tattered wallet such as seamen carry. A cry of excitement burst from his lips before he could check it, and again the fog seemed full of heavy breathing and stealthy steps. Once more Parrish fled from the peril of the Unknown, thrusting the wallet into his pocket as he ran. And presently thru the whirling wreaths of vapor, blurred the lights of a house close by at the head of the glen, and the sound of laughter and the lisp of dancing feet came to his ears with the reassuring message of human beings' presence.

It was Tom Carroll's place, filled as always with the loud-voiced men and shrieking, cigaret smoking women who had been driving by his cottage all summer, setting his timid ideas to flight, filling the peace of the woods with the roar of motor

cut-outs and the clamor of voices. But Parrish was not fastidious about his company now. Panting up the steps, he rang the bell; a Filipino with slit-like eyes opened the door, ushering him in. His feet left wet, muddy tracks on the pale-colored carpet, but he was too excited, too full of the amazing story he had to tell them, to notice that. Which was unfortunate, for if he had had his wits about him he might have made an odd discovery. Not only did his shoes leave tracks behind him as he entered the crowded drawing-room, but curiously enough they made tracks *before* him as well!

Tom Carroll, the host, a florid stoutish man, was singing at the piano so earnestly that he was quite out of breath as he turned to greet the newcomer. "How's the hermit?" he asked jovially, and then seemed to notice Parrish's white face and wild aspect for the first time. "What in the sacred name of Volstead! Haven't seen a ghost have you?"

"No," said the visitor grimly, "I've seen a corpse!" The women screamed, except one, a tall sinuous girl who accented her oriental type by an exotic manner of dress. She was smoking a cigaret, and lay back lazily on the chaise longue, apparently occupied in forming perfect smoke rings while Parrish told his tale and exhibited the wallet. The men gathered close reading the scrap of paper it contained aloud. "Inventory of articles of gold, silver and jewels, consigned by Pizarro from Peru to the King of Spain and sunk off the shore of this island at the latitude and longitude indicated on map.

Eight thousand ingots of gold.

Eight thousand ingots of silver.

Chest of golden ewers.

Small box of emeralds carved like roses.

A little tree of gold."

The men glanced at one another behind Parrish's back and one, with an affectation of casualness, reached out his hand for the paper but, swift as a snake uncoiling, the languid beauty with the shaven eyebrows was before him. Carmen—what her last name was, it is probable that her friends scarcely remembered—glanced at the map between heavy lids, touched with black paste, and then handed it back to Parrish with an impudent bold look at the faces of the men gathered around him.

"Very interesting, Mr. Parrish! But if I were you, I wouldn't trust it out of my hands. You mightn't always be among—such *good friends!*"

Concealing his discomfiture under a bluff laugh, Tom Carroll moved away. "Oh, well, it's probably a fake! Still, it would be good fun to make a cruise to that island—be outside the three-mile limit anyhow! I've got my yacht *Calliope* steamed up in the harbor up at Frisco

now. We were just talking before you came in of going pearl fishing—if you like, we'll go on your wild goose chase instead."

And so all in the short space of an hour, James Parrish had discovered a murder, found a mysterious wallet hinting at fabulous treasure, and agreed to abandon fiction and start out with a company of almost strangers to search for it below some azure tropic sea. And behind a smoke screen a pair of eyes, long and narrow and full of little orange and green flames, watched him, very much as a cat watches the mouse that she means to catch and eat when she is finished playing with it.

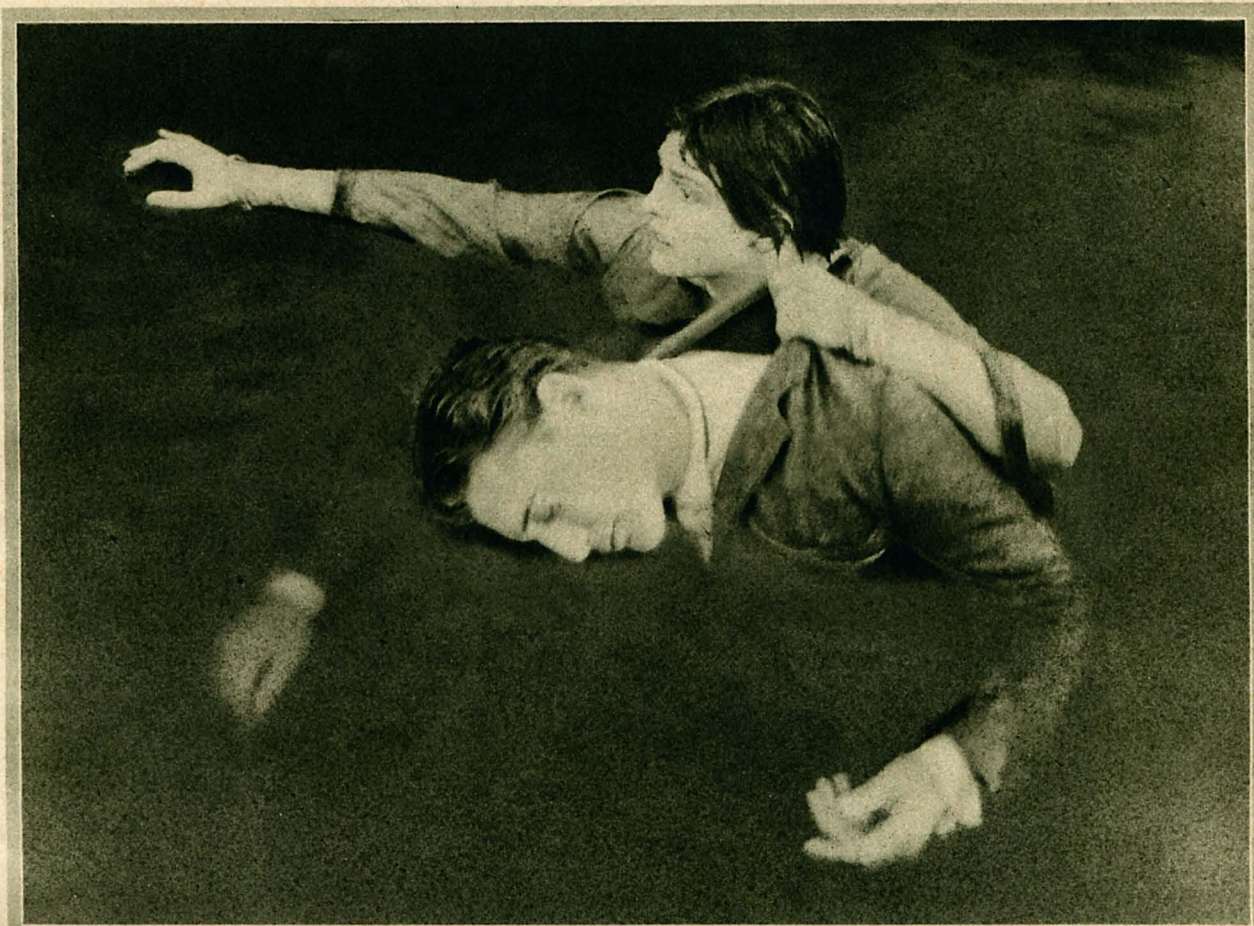
So much for mystery! Dont look at me so reproachfully from your frame, darling—you're coming in right now. And you bet you're not going to leave till the end of the story, for the hero cant do without you. But how do you GET into the plot? It wont do to have you the regulation ingénue in frills and curls, because this has got to be an adventure story. Aha, how's this!

Precisely one week later, James Parrish—after an afternoon spent in the company of Carroll drinking somebody's health—it was Pussyfoot Johnson's the last he could remember—came to his senses to find himself in the Pacific Ocean, which was very ill-flavored indeed. He was a fair swimmer, but the liquor he had drunk still clogged his brain and he went down for the second time, carrying a lightning-flash vision of the *Calliope* with a face grinning down at his struggles over the rail.

When he came up he struck out feebly, knowing as he did so that it was useless and he was about to drown, thinking confusedly—"Carroll did it! There was something in the drink—he killed that poor fellow in the glen and now he's killed me—"

The water lapped over his face distorting the *Calliope* horribly, and a rushing sound filled his ears. Then—with the world slipping away on a tide of darkness—a hand seized his collar, jerking his head above the water, and he saw a Face close to his, the prettiest face

"Beg pardon . . ." Parrish said laboriously, ". . . making lots of trouble . . ." and then the Face disappeared together with everything else





Half way down the swaying ladder, Parrish paused to look back at the quaint little figure leaning over the rail

that he had ever seen, and undoubtedly a woman's.

"Beg pardon," Parrish said laboriously, "making lots of trouble—"

And then the Face disappeared, together with everything else. And for uncounted eons there was nothing in the world but darkness, thru which he must grope endlessly on. It was with immense effort that a million years later or so he pushed the darkness aside and emerged into lamplight in which the same Face floated, gazing anxiously down upon him. "Thank goodness!" said lips that were soft and red and curled over at the edges like a flower petal, "I thought you'd never come to. You swallowed a great deal of ocean, you know!"

With clearing vision, he saw that he was in a cabin with polished wood ceiling and walls which seemed to sway from

side to side. He sat up giddily, staring at the quaint 'little figure in the Chinese clothes before him. "You *can't* be a Chink with that hair!" he said. "No Chinese girl has yellow hair."

The face curved into delicious laughter. "No," admitted the girl, "I'm only Bessie. You fell overboard from the yacht and your friends seemed to be afraid of getting their clothes wet, so I brought you aboard the *Shantung*. We're starting out in a little while, so perhaps you'd better let me tell Chang to take you to the yacht."

"If I ever got on the *Calliope* again, they'd try poisoning the next time!" Parrish said grimly, and then, hurriedly he told her of the finding of the wallet and the decision to seek the sunken treasure. "They frisked me for the wallet when they'd got me doped," he said ruefully, "and then pushed me overboard." His jaw set in a ridge under the young skin, "But I'll get there somehow—"

"What can we do if we haven't the map?" Bessie asked breathlessly, her eyes like stars. The "we" made her a partner in his enterprise. It warmed his heart singularly.

Grinning, he turned back the collar of his coat and ripped the lining, drawing out a sodden paper on which a map was still visible. "I kept the original," he admitted, "what they got was a copy, and I neglected to give the location of the treasure on the shore line of the island in the copy! I had a hunch everything wasn't exactly on the square—" his face clouded. He sunk his head dejectedly on his hands. "But what's the use? In the geography I studied an island, even a treasure island, was a body of land completely, surrounded by water. And I haven't any ship."

For reply, the golden-haired enigma went to the cabin door and called, "Chang! Chang!"

A Chinaman, yellow as jaundice, with bright restless eyes under lashless lids answered, and they spoke in a weird tongue. Then, glowing, she turned to Parrish. "Chang says we'll go catch 'em treasure! The *Shantung* is bound for Pekin, and we'll take in the Island on the way!"

Hurrying to the deck, hand in hand, the two saw a faint smudge on the horizon, locating the departing *Calliope* with her faithless crew. "Pooh, we'll catch them easily!" Bessie cried. "The *Shantung* can beat anything! I ought to know—I've lived on her for ten years!"

Later, as the Chinese boat dipped down into the smooth valleys and climbed the crested mountains of the sea under the sun and moon, coming closer and closer to the island of their map, James Parrish learned that Bessie was the daughter of a missionary who had left her in the care of Chang, the Captain of the boat on which he died. But tho she had spent her girlhood on this boat, amid these alien beings with their yellow skins and slanting eyes, she was as well read as any girl he had ever known, for at every port Chang bought her books. She had touched the strange life of many lands, had seen Pekin and the mosques of the East, and tropic isles where palm trees cast their doubles on dazzling white beaches. She had thought long thoughts, sitting under the velvet night, or gazing at the conflagration of the Southern Cross overhead.

Some of these thoughts she confided to him, as they walked the decks or sat in the prow, watching their wake make a phosphorescent pathway far behind. And as he listened, with a queer sense of humbleness, to her white girl-dreams and in return confided to her the things that he had never told a living soul, his hopes and ambitions, his desire to take words and with them paint pictures to make life wonderful to those who read them, all the while Chang watched them with his inscrutable almond eyes and nodded over his carved ivory pipe like an amiable joss granting them his blessing.

Hum! Now, let's see. It's about time to jazz things up a bit. And the best way to do that is to bring on another lady. Enter the vamp!

It was when they were not more than a day's distance from the latitude and longitude of the pictured island, they sighted the *Calliope* ahead on the horizon. And then, thru the glasses, Bessie saw something else and called Parrish excitedly. "By the Sacred Codfish!" swore Jimmy, "you're right! There's a boat left her and it's coming this way! I suppose we'll have to lower a life-boat and go see what is wrong."

Chang, making chop-suey of consonants and vowels, issued orders and clambered down the rope-ladder, carrying a gun to be prepared for any eventuality. Half way down the swaying ladder after him, Parrish paused to look back at the quaint little figure waving over the rail. A lump rose to his throat. He was a writer remem-

ber, and now it had occurred to him to imagine how he would feel if he were leaving that small, colorful figure behind forever instead of for a few moments. "I believe," he thought amazedly, "I believe to my soul I'm falling in love with her!"

The thought gave him a guilty aspect when, a little later, he helped the lacquered head and somewhat flaunting person of Carmen over the rail and mumbled an introduction to the wondering Bessie. He felt as tho he had asked this intrusive lady with her possessive air to drop around to tea, and when Carmen laid a jeweled white hand tenderly on his coat sleeve and said, *sotto voce*, "You might say you're glad to see me, Jimsy! After all the trouble I had slipping away from the others to come to you!" The harassed young man turned darkly crimson and flung a beseeching glance at Bessie's quivering lips and troubled eyes. Life on a Chinese junk had not taught Bessie how to deal with a triangular situation such as this. For the rest of the way to the island she left Carmen in triumphant possession and remained below in her cabin. While Chang puffed his pipe fiercely and muttered malediction on ladies who made calls on his passengers in mid-ocean.

But there was small opportunity for Carmen to weave a spell over her rather morose victim, for by another morning the island was in sight, a dot of land on a great plain of sea. The *Calliope* was not in view when they turned about the lower end of the island and steamed along the coast on the other side.

And now arose an unforeseen difficulty. For tho the latitude and the longitude agreed exactly with the map, the shore line was mysteriously different. Where there should have been coves, there were cliffs; and where there should have been promontories, there were inlets. Bessie, who at the first cry of "Land!" had emerged from her seclusion a trifle pale, a bit

At their first encounter, the Chinese on the cliffs came off victorious, leaving two of the *Calliope's* seamen dead on the rocks below





Meanwhile on the hilltop where the skeleton of the whale ribbed the sun with its huge vertebrae, Parrish and Bessie stood hand in hand before the rotting prow of a boat hulk, half buried in the white sea sand

of the hill over yonder look like anything but the skeleton of a whale! Of course, a whale couldn't have climbed up there to die, but it certainly looks like one. Here, you look Chang!"

The Chinaman peered thru glasses, and nodded his head three times excitedly. "Him whale all light! Whale no fly— island one time fire mountain— plenty earthquake liftum whale out of water. Tleasure up there maybe!"

"Of course!" Parrish exclaimed with chagrin. "Why didn't I think of that! That's why the shore line is so changed.

quiet but painfully polite to Carmen, and ostentatiously formal with Parrish, found the first clue to the mystery.

"It's queer," she exclaimed, shifting the binoculars from one focus to another, "but I cant make that thing on top

millionaires and ride in their own Rolls-Arrow. But in books it's an author's duty to punish them. Here goes.

The party from the *Calliope* numbered thirty, while not more than half that number had come ashore from the *Shantung*, but the yellow men had the advantage of position, and moreover, being unconverted heathen, they had no future life to worry about. At their first encounter, the Chinese on the cliffs came off victorious, leaving two of the *Calliope's* seamen dead

on the sand below, while their fellow-sailors fled, yelping, to get reinforcements.

Meanwhile, on the hilltop, where the skeleton of the whale ribbed the sun with its huge vertebrae, Parrish and Bessie stood, hand in hand, before the rotting prow of a boat hulk, half buried in white sea sand. The others with uncouth animal noises of greed were exploring the interior of the wreck and dragging out blackened bars of metal. Carmen, tawny eyes flashing, had discovered a rusty iron casket filled with chains and bracelets that struck off

(Continued on page 78)

YELLOW MEN AND GOLD

Fictionized by permission from the Goldwyn production of the Gouverneur Morris story. Editorial credit, Clayton Hamilton. Directed by Irwin Willat and starring Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix. The cast:

Parrish	Richard Dix
Bessie	Helene Chadwick
Carroll	Henry Barrows
Carmen	Rosemary Theby
Lynch	Richard Tucker
Craven	Fred Kohler
Todd	Henry T. Herbert
Cunningham	William Moran
Chang	Goro Kino
Jili	George King
John	William A. Carroll
Abraham (the cook)	R. T. Frazier



Lady

Godiva

Wisteria Productions, Inc., has brought another classic to the screen, *Lady Godiva*, a thrilling photoplay of a familiar episode, based on Tennyson's famous poem. Everyone knows the story of Lady Godiva's ride, naked, thru the streets of Coventry at the behest of a cruel tyrant, in order to save her people from further oppression



Hedda Vernon, a young actress with hair like *Melisande*, has been chosen for the title part. John Dryer plays her persecuted lover. We are assured that this delicate subject is handled so artistically and æsthetically that not a single blighted censor could criticize it. Here's hoping they may be right!

Herself



Photograph
by Apeda

MARGUERITE COURTOT is a steady little integer in a somewhat dizzy constellation.

I dare prophesy that when many stars have fallen from heights now more empyrean her star will still be shining, moderately perhaps, not with the aid of spectacular electrics, but steadily and worthily.

She is a very sane little person.

Sane in her appearance and manner of dressing. Sane in her home life. Sane in her perspective and cannily mature point of view. She has made characters in her own image and has remained—herself.

She impresses me as one who, tranquilly, has come upon a sound manner of living and has not permitted herself to be diverted from it.

Probably she has made more money than in her, well, it would have to be her childhood, she ever dreamed of having from her own personal efforts. And it is, methinks, the undreamed-of sums of money that have sent so many of the feminine filmists careening into space, so often tragically.

I said to Miss Courtot: "To speak pathologically, how have you kept your head, among the many who have not?"

She said, "Dont you think it's all in the way one is brought up—and in a sense of proportion?"

I said that I did.

"Background helps a lot," she said. "I have never changed my way of living, which has always been very nice. And I have a very sane mother and sister. If they have been impressed by my so-called 'career,' they have not been unduly so. They are very calm about it, interested and

critical. I have never had my 'head turned,' because there has never been any occasion for it to *be* turned. I think I have got a sense of proportion. I realize the numbers of other doers. We all have a certain allotted space, but why shout about it?

"And then, too, I would strive *not* to get to the place where I could have everything I want. That would be certain boredom, and it seems to me that the thrill of life would go completely out the instant there was nothing left to strive for, nothing left to want. I would hate not to be thrilled over a new dress or a new hat or the prospect of a trip or a new part in a picture. It would rob me of so much. Not to want things—not to *have* to want them—would be to take about one-half out of the joy of living. Why cant girls realize that the fun of things is the wanting things. One can get used to anything in time, even a frock a day and motor

Marguerite Courtot is a steady little integer in a somewhat dizzy constellation. To the left, is her most recent portrait; and below, is an emotional moment from her last picture, "Beyond the Rainbow"



By
JEAN CUMMINGS

cars and coteries of help. No, I like to want things and I know that I like to, and that is why I am satisfied, at least by the day.

"Of course I know that I have never done my 'big picture'—nothing outstanding, nothing memorable. But I feel that I have that before me, too. It is mostly a matter of stories and partly of circumstance.

"I think you can do so much more if you have no delusions."

Sane little person!

"I feel sorry," said this wise little young person, "for the little new-comers in the film field. They feel so terrifically important. Their ideas are so inflated. They visualize themselves, almost instantaneously, as having their name in electricians and riding about in padded limousines. Limousines seem to be about their idea of what the screen represents. It is certainly the screen's deepest tragedy—lack of proportion."

I asked Miss Courtot a stock question: "Do you believe that marriage interferes with a career?"

"It would with mine," came the definite and succinct reply.

"Why with yours?"

"Because I wouldn't dream of marrying a professional man. Not even if I loved him. And neither would I dream of expecting a man outside of the profession to understand the exigencies of it—and why should I? Why should any man be compelled or expected, to domesticate with a screen career, which is just about all one can do at one time? I think fair play is awfully essential in getting along—don't you?"

We asked Miss Courtot about her last picture, under the direction of W. Christy Cabanne.

"When they asked me to take the



"You are not remembered," says Miss Courtot, "half so much for a multiple exhibition of your face, as for a bit of work that counts, a characterization that is good. This is by far the most important thing"

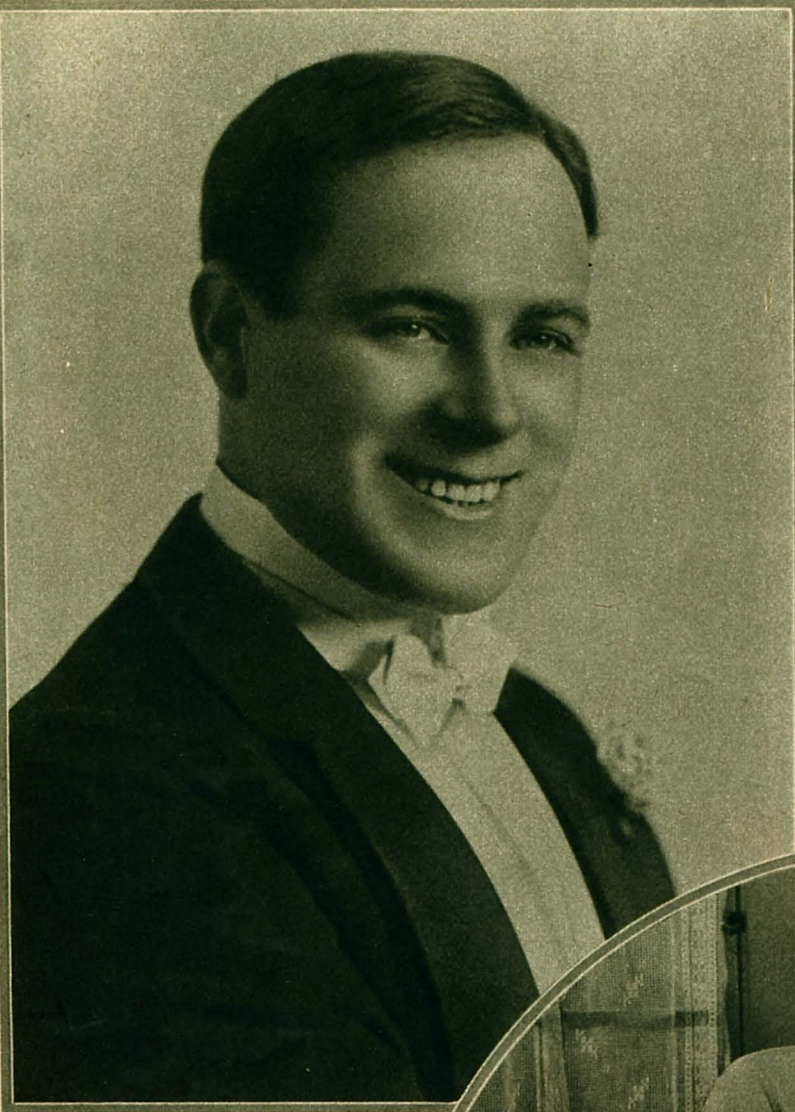


Photograph
by Apeda

part," she said, "they told me that I wouldn't be on the screen most of the time, but that the characterization was good, and I told them that that was by far the most important thing. You are not remembered half so much for a multiple exhibition of your face as for a bit of work that counts. It is good characterization parts that I have lacked."

On my way to the Biltmore to meet Miss Courtot I had felt a little bit sorry for her. I had thought she might feel a little bit sorry for herself. There has been so much spectacular screen success. How would she gage her own?
(Continued on page 95)

He Plays Golf



Photograph by Apeda

"Why, I know all about Jim Barnes! I told him so. Know his book. Know the way he takes his stance; the way he follows thru; the way he doesn't follow thru; what he says when he holes in two; what he says when he doesn't hole. I told him so. We shook hands."

He took off his cap, looked at it, put it back again.

"The difference between a champion and the other fellow is that the other fellow looks to see if he's going to hit the ball and the champion looks to see where he's going to *place* the ball. With me it's different from both. It isn't 'if I'm going to'; 'it's why I didn't.' But at that I won a cup the other day at Flintridge. And it's golf that's done all this for me."

T. Roy Barnes is the embodiment of that neo-American product "the bright young man." Lotsa pep! He has set up an altar to the Laugh not the Horse Laugh—the genuine All-Wool

He smoothed his smooth face, flexed his flexible biceps, thumped his sinewy thighs.

"I cant understand what a feller does when he doesn't play golf. How he lives. How he's happy."

"You played the game before you came to California, then?"

"Played all my life. Gota home in Long



TROY BARNES explained it all—his exuberance, his humor, more precisely, his glibness—in a few sentient phrases. Glib: that is the word that epitomizes T. Roy, T. Roy's wit, T. Roy's acting—the T. Roy of "Scratch My Back" and more recently of Lasky's "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

"I play," he said, shoving back his golf cap and tilting back his chair. "I play all the time—and chew gum. Here. Have a piece?"

He thrust three packages of our national pastime at me. I declined, murmuring. He shoved them back into the pocket of his golf knickers, above which he wore a white sweater, below which he wore golf stockings.

"I play golf. 'Jever play it? No? 'Tsashame. Greatest game in the world. Keeps you young. Keeps you fit. Met Jim Barnes the other day, Jim Barnes, the open champion. I said to him, 'My name's Barnes.' He said to me, 'Barnes is my name.' We shook hands."

He thumped his chair down on all fours again, enthusiastically.

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Island right on the Soundview course. Wonderful place. At Great Neck. Y'know it? That's good. That's fine. Lemme see. I was saying—"?"

It is a peculiarity of T. Roy Barnes that he is always saying something, pertinent or impertinent, and saying it usually in a crisp crackling way that tickles your face into a smile, eventually into an explosion. He starts easily, keeps climbing toward the final peak, piling one story upon another until at the summit the explosion comes. He did it, among other places, at The Writer's Cramp, the revel staged by the screen writers and Imminents of Holly-



Photograph by Moffett, Chicago



He parts his hair on one side and his life in the middle. That is to say, when he's acting he's an actor; when he plays golf he's a golfer

wood. His final story was:

At the fashionable Cowes regatta, the great yachting event of England, at which His Majesty and all his Court were conspicuously present, the members of a certain party whose yacht was anchored near the royal barge began to throw pennies into the Channel for the fisher boys to dive after. Finally an American millionaire on board ran out of pennies and began, quite nonchalantly, to throw in five dollar gold pieces.

The captain of the yacht, an Englishman, came rushing to him excitedly, and panted:

"Hi, there, sir! You mustn't be throwin' gowld over board! You'll be havin' the King divin' next!"

Mary and Doug and Charlie, among those present, applauded vigorously. Elinor Glyn hissed!

From the beginning—and T. Roy's beginning in pictures was the splendid one of "Scratch My Back"—he has shunned heroisms. He prefers to make us laugh. He's not a bad looking chap; neither is he Adonic in his physiognomy. Blue eyes, nose in and out, plenty of jaw, smooth face faintly tanned, nervous hands—and calves. Such calves! Maybe it was only the Velvet Grips, No Metal Can Touch You, bunched underneath the overlap of his stockings. Anyway—swell calves. Maybe—if he'd worn—golf stockings—that night he —wouldn't have—been—hissed. However—

T. Roy Barnes, having come from the legit—and the Broadway legit at that—where he played in "The Red Canary" and several other shows of more or less distinction, looks upon picture work as retirement and hands the palm to his wife.

"Long ago, when I was just beginning, doing one and two night stands all over the blooming country, my wife saved

(Continued on page 94)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

THE ETERNAL SALOME

The personification of Salome seems to be irresistible to most actresses. Sooner or later they all try it—even ethereal blondes. Marie Prevost is the latest one to try “to look that way”—you know—all the forbidden adjectives. We defy anyone to do it better than Marie does

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

VERY possibly Ernest Lubitsch's newest production, "The Loves of Pharaoh" (Paramount), will take its place among the best motion pictures of the cinema year. Yet we do not look upon it as Lubitsch at his best. This, too, in spite of the manifest fact that the German director has obviously been acquiring an American dexterity with his lighting and photography.

Unfortunately he has taken along manifest American weaknesses as well. Somehow, we have never been able to catch the spirit of the romantic costume play on the silversheet. (Except possibly D. W. Griffith in moments of his "Judith of Bethulia" and "Intolerance"). Place this to lack of tradition, historic surroundings, or what you will, the fact has always been obvious. This was the very thing that lifted Lubitsch's "Passion" and "Deception" into success. In one he humanized the foibles of Louis XV with uncanny understanding, in the other he caught the boisterous spirit of Henry VIII and his roistering days with a finely attuned sense.

In "The Loves of Pharaoh," Lubitsch has woven a tale around one of the monarchs of old Egypt when the pyramids were young—before the shifting sands of centuries had drifted across the dead civilization of a mighty nation. A very simple tale it is—the passion of a Pharaoh for a slave girl who loves another. Lubitsch has sustained his atmosphere very well. There is a very real suggestion of the throbbing ebb and flow of humanity along the Nile in those days when millions of slaves struggled to build the pyramids and kings dealt in human lives with pagan and bloody ruthlessness.

"The Loves of Pharaoh" originally ended tragically—with the death of Pharaoh, the slave girl and her lover. The American cutters and titlers have revised this so that the maid, Theonis, lives to become empress and to make her lover emperor. We suspect that much of the disjointed aspect of the last third of "The Loves of Pharaoh" is due to this Pollyanna rearrangement. The story surely grows chaotic at times.

But this is not our chief complaint against "The Loves of Pharaoh." We have said that Lubitsch has vastly improved in his lighting and camera work. There are many scenes of superb imagery, as that of the imprisoned slave girl within the great pyramid of Amenes and of the awesome death judgment of Isis. Lubitsch has failed to humanize his characters. They seem mere puppets moving before a vast panorama. The acting, from our point of view, is history conscious. This is even true of Emil Jannings, the admirable king of "Passion" and "Deception," who somehow does not ring true as Pharaoh Amenes. Dagny Servaes, a newcomer to Lubitsch

(Continued on page 88)



Top, Dagny Servaes and Harry Liedtke in Ernest Lubitsch's "The Loves of Pharaoh," in which the German director reveals a decided gain in photography and lighting, but a loss in spontaneity. Center, Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trade-mark," an average melodrama. Left, Alla Nazimov as Nora in her new version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House"

A Young Lady in Earnest



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Claire Adams has "that something" impossible to define. Breeding, poise, manner—all three hover close to it without being it. Perhaps it is the commingling of the three.

in the dining-room every morning.

If you are a particular movie fan, you have seen "The Penalty." If you have seen "The Penalty," you have seen Claire Adams. She was the young sculptress. She added definitely to your list of personalities, without betraying exactly what the addition was.

"The Penalty" was by no means her first picture. I mention it merely because, by reason of its Goldwyn release, it has been the most prominently exhibited of any in which she has

CLAIRE ADAMS has "that something."

I sha'n't attempt to define it. It isn't a thing meant for definition. Breeding, poise, manner—all three hover close to it without being it. Perhaps it is the mingling of the three, and the fact that she takes exercises

ness about her that is the stamp of quick intelligence and keen thought.

She lives with her mother and sister, who only recently have come from Canada to join her, in a comfortable bungalow somewhere in Hollywood. But only she and a black Cocker spaniel were there to greet me. We fell to talking somehow of the sudden vogue of costume pictures which, since the advent of the German productions and the success of "The Three Musketeers," have been regaling us with the sight of fashions prevalent centuries ago.

"They are very beautiful," she said, "and while I don't think that we shall ever go back to the torture of the hoop-skirt and the tight lacing, I think that in modified form a revival of the crinoline, for instance, would be lovely. I tried the old-fashioned crinoline, hoop-skirt, tight lacing and all, in one of my pictures. I managed to endure it for just one scene, and even in that I could not give my mind to my work. It was agony. And yet a modification could be effected that would give us the beauty of the style and still leave us our breath

appeared. Others, no less worthy one surmises, seem to have been somewhat obscured by a minor release. They have been principally the Zane Grey stories, "Riders of the Dawn," etc. There have been, too, "The Dwelling Place of Light," by Winston Churchill, and Upton Sinclair's "The Money Changers." But recently, the Hampton organization, under the banner of which she has done almost her every picture, obtained a Goldwyn release. It is certain, then, that you will see more of her. Look for "Wildfire."

Claire Adams is of Canadian origin, English descent; but the inroads that the California argot has made upon her manners, the salty touch of Americanism, is astounding; not unpleasant at all, but a little disconcerting. I had not realized that our national traits were so insidious.

She is neither too tall nor too short. Her nicely shaped head is set firmly on its white column of neck and the whole is supported by a pair of shoulders unusually straight. Crowning all is a mass of dark chestnut hair. Her features are distinct: dark brown eyes that contrast brilliantly with the creamy pallor of her complexion, a well-modeled, slightly aquiline nose, a pleasant mouth, a determined chin. There is the positive-

By
J. MARION LAKE

and lift our skirts free from the mud. I am not necessarily condemning the present styles when I say this. I was just thinking of the highly possible influence of the costume picture upon us."

Claire Adams has been remarkably loyal in a profession where loyalty, drawn to too great lengths, is often disastrous. To be successful in pictures, one must be a little Eva and leap to the next cake before the present one sinks beneath one, as it surely will if one lingers long enough. She is still, after almost two years, with the man who first discovered her, Benjamin Hampton.

He saw her in a little picture she had made during war-time for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was called "The Spirit of the Red Cross." She could not, she declares, act at all. She was an amateur. But not too much of an amateur, or so Benjamin Hampton seemed to think.

"He believed that he saw something in me, tho what it was I'm sure I cant say. Anyway, he believed in me, gave me my chance and still finds me worth keeping in his pictures. It was a big speculation. I surely can repay him now with a little loyalty. And I believe, quite frankly, that it is to my practical advantage to do so."

Her interest in pictures, her desire to take them up as a profession was balked by her conservative family, for a long time, that is. She had been interested since a child in things dramatic, but the opposition had overwhelmed her. It remained for war to break her fetters. What



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

She is neither too tall nor too short. Her nicely shaped head is set firmly on its white column of neck. Crowning all is a mass of dark chestnut hair. Her dark eyes contrast brilliantly with the creamy pallor of her complexion

would not do as a profession would do as a benefit. "The Spirit of the Red Cross" made the rest easy. Success justifies anything. And the fact that an astute producer like Benjamin Hampton was interested sufficiently to sign her up is convincing evidence that her work

was not so raw as she would lead one to believe; it convinced her family and turned their objections to applause.

One must take Claire earnestly, because it is in that way that she takes her work. She is unrelenting in her merciless inspection of the "rushes," the hasty uncut prints of the day's shots, searching constantly for her faults, digging them out and sneering them to death in the approved manner of this introspective age. She is a refutation, if ever there was one, of the theory that life in the movies is one cinch after another.

"I love pictures more and more as I go on!" she exclaimed. "I have reached the point

(Continued on page 95)



Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



Courtesy of Jacqueline Logan and Goldwyn Pictures

CANT something be done about the newsless "news" reels?

Time was when the animated news fil-ems presented some actual news. Now the darn things are so highbrow and educational that they have no time to show what's doing in the world at large.

Here's a typical news reel we glimpsed the other night:

The art of raising flax.

Man 108 years old entertains in North Carolina.

The beautiful Loire Valley in colors.

Cartoon comedy, "What a little Hair will do."

Tanks used to wreck building in West.

Photographic presentation of the relative war strength of Japan and the United States.

And this is news!

That isn't our only complaint against the news reel. We're sick of the more or less subtle propaganda shadowing a possible war between this country and Japan. William Fox, for instance, has been exploiting this as a feature of his news reel under the title of "Face to Face With Japan." In fact, this Fox material created so many protests recently in New York that it was cut by the manager of the big theater where it was being shown.

This sort of thing—cropping up constantly—is a serious breeder of ill-feeling. We fear that even the movie makers do not realize what a powerful weapon lies in their hands. They had better be careful—for the thing is loaded.

Speaking of news reels, the New York Motion Picture Commission of censors has not only been cutting items from these releases but has also invaded the field of editorial comment in the Pathé film, "Topics of the Day." This feature is made up of extracts, humorous and otherwise, from current publi-

cations. The censors recently ordered that two jokes, both quoted from magazines, be eliminated forthwith.

For the benefit of our readers, we present the censored jokes:

JOHNNY, AT POULTRY SHOW: "Ma, let's wait until they let the animals loose."

MOTHER: "They dont let the animals loose."

JOHNNY: "Last night Pa said to Uncle Henry, 'Let's stick around awhile. We might get a chance to pick up a couple of chickens.'"—*Judge*.

SHE (*Critically*): "I never could see much in those crêpe de chine dresses."

HE (*Also a critic*): "Probably you never looked at them in the right light."—*Colgate Banner*.

Poor jokes, but by what right can the censors tell us what we shall or shall not read, be it in published or celluloid form?

How long is the absurdity of censorship to be tolerated? The New York board of censors was ostensibly created to lift photoplays to a higher plain. Yet observe the highly moral censors editing our news reels to suit their whims and now expurgating our newspaper and magazine jokes to fit their narrow vision.

How long? How long?

There's nothing like originality.

Consequently we congratulate the new star of Mr. Phil Goldstone, yclept Richard Talmadge.

(Continued on page 82)

Channing of the Northwest

By E. B. GLEASON

"YOU are a graceless young whelp!" bawled the irascible Mortimer T. Prince, elderly London clubman, of uncertain temper, unreliable gout and unlimited wealth, to his impenitent nephew, standing in impudent ease before him. "You've gone too far this time. I'll——"

"But, Uncle——" interposed that young man, hopefully.

"Dont interrupt me, you young whipper-snapper. I want you to understand that you have forfeited——"

"But still, sir——"

"Dont answer me back! Remember I am older than you are. What—er—where was I? Oh, yes; I wash my hands of you from now on. That indecent party last night is positively the last straw. I will not——"

"But, Uncle, I want——"

"Dont argue with me, you—you popinjay. All you think about is that fool dancer at the Gaiety Revue. She is——"

"That will do, sir. I cannot——"

"Be quiet!" roared the old man. "I know you think you are engaged to marry the creature; but go and tell her that I've disinherited you, and see if she still wants you."

"Miss Vardon is above such considerations," young Channing replied, with a magnificent assumption of dignity.

"Ha! Ha!" snorted his uncle in derision. "Just go and tell her."

Hugh Channing gathered up his things disgustedly and left. Let his old uncle disinherit him. He would still have Cicily. He'd earn a living for her somehow. He never had earned a living for anyone, but he had all the world-beating confidence of youth, whose peculiar province it is, to count itself infallible. They'd take a little cottage out in Surrey—perhaps. Cicily would love the vine-covered cottage effect, he knew. He was sure it could be managed. But, speeding across London on his way to her apartment, the lit-

tle tug at his heart grew worse and worse. Was he only whistling to keep his courage up? He was. In his heart, he felt she would never fall for that line.

"Oh, I really couldn't, old thing, you know," said Cicily Vardon, in reply to Channing's incoherent recital of plans and promises and damaging admissions. "Live in the country with the pigs and chickens! Marry a poor man and give up this"—with a sweeping glance that took in the extravagant luxury of the place. "You flatter me, old top. I'm not that sort."

Channing looked hurt. At least, he meant to look that way.

"I'm awfully fond of you, Hugh," Cicily added hastily. And she was, too. "But I wouldn't be if I had to live out in the country, where there are no drains, or electric lights, or porcelain tubs, or any noise, or excitement, or anything. My word! I couldn't survive a week of it. We'd better part, old dear. No second thoughts. Here's a kiss. Good-bye."



"Be quiet!" roared the old man. "I know you think you are engaged to marry the creature; but go and tell her that I have disinherited you, and see if she still wants you"

But Channing refused the proffered kiss with wounded dignity. Was this thing that flooded up thru his heart grief—or relief? Was it his heart that was broken—or his pride that had had a knock? He hardly knew what to do next. He felt that something spectacular was expected of him, since “doing the proper thing” was almost a fetish with him; and really, you know, disinherited of a vast fortune and rejected by the only girl all in one day was a bit thick, and did call for some sort of a performance on his part. But what to do? Let us think. He must “get away from it all.” But where? The Colonies were a good place for rejected suitors and disinherited scions of wealthy aristocracy. They usually went there. How about Australia or South Africa or Canada? Canada would do. It wasn’t so beastly far away, nor so uncivilized; and besides, to this young-man-about-town had come rumors from time to time of the romance and adventure of “the great Northwest.” Yes, surely the thing to do was to go to Canada and lose himself and live to forget his bitter grief in the great Northwest. It had a pleasantly melancholy and hopeless sound, in key with his mood. Did his pulses quicken at the thought of possible adventure, or was he really dead to all earthly desires, as he fondly imagined? We shall see.

Jess Driscoll eyed her father with some misgiving as he made his extraordinary request. She did not speak, and he continued in a wheedling tone.

“Now, Jess, you know you’re the only one that can do anything with Jim. He’s a good boy and worth saving. Go and get him, Jess—that’s a good girl. McCool will let you in the side door. Nothing’s going to hurt you,

She put a reluctant hand out toward the door, but before she could open it, it swung open and Hugh Channing stared at her in surprise. “Were—were you coming in here?” he asked in a rising tide of interest

Jessie, girl—and remember, you are promised to Jim.” “All right, father,” Jess replied, but mutiny smoldered in her.

The lights from McCool’s dance hall shone fitfully thru the murky window panes, making little patchwork squares on the snow, as Jess Driscoll drew near and hesitated at the sound of uncouth merriment within. She could hear Jim Franey’s rough voice arguing excitedly with another voice, and then both were drowned in a burst of rude laughter. Jess had never heard a man speak as the second voice was doing. It was suave, smooth, polished, of impeccable accent and faultless inflection. But she must go in. Jim *was* a good boy, but weak. It was that old beast, McCool, who had influenced him. She put a reluctant hand out toward the door, but before she could touch it, it swung open, and Hugh Channing stared at her in surprise. “Were—were you coming in here?” he asked, in a rising tide of interest.

“Yes,” said Jess, and hung her head. She wondered if this was the owner of the voice. “I—I have to get Jim Franey. I must take him home. Is—is he very bad?”

“Yes, I’m afraid he is. Wont you let me help you? I think he can stick on a horse if we can get him up there. I’ll go with you, if I may.”

“You are mighty good,” said Jess, thinking harder of the good-looking young man before her, in his uniform of the famous Northwest Mounted Police, than of poor Jim. She had never heard anyone say “if I may,” and it sounded very heightened to her. “Shall I wait out here?”

Together, they managed to haul the poor, drunken youngster into his saddle, and, keeping him between them, rode the long way home thru the snow. Jess was by way of being the belle of Broken Bow, and was accustomed to attention from men, but she had never really encountered “manners” before, that pleasant commodity being practically unknown in Broken Bow.

They had handed Jim over to her father and stood before Jess’s house talking, loath to leave the starlit night—and each other—be it confessed.

Hugh Channing had done “the proper thing”—and was having the time of his life, incidentally. He was already being noticed in that formidable organization, the Northwest Mounted. He had been sent twice on hazardous missions to “get” his man, and had got him. He shed his London manner with his London clothes. He mended his broken heart with the salutary unguent of adventure. He forgot Cicily Vardon automatically at the first sight of Jess, framed in the glow of light from McCool’s open doorway. His old life of trivial pleasure, of hectic trifling, of the incessant and futile attempts at killing time, suddenly showed up in its true perspective. The brittle sophistication of the Cicily Vardons, which he once admired, grew ugly beside the wide-eyed innocence of Jess Driscoll. If Channing’s heartbeats had been charted as he stood there talking to her, it would have resembled the jagged seismographic recording of a prodigious earthquake. It had never pounded like that for Cicily, anyway.

After that, of course, our hero and heroine—for Jess is the heroine—saw a great deal of





each other. Channing was after McCool, and, for once, duty and pleasure combined. He was almost thankful for McCool and his criminal activities, for they kept him in Broken Bow, where Jess was. McCool's ostensible vocation was the running of his infamous dance hall, but his avocation was rum-running, that is, smuggling illicit whisky over the border into the United States. No particular effort was made to keep this nefarious business a secret. McCool believed that every man has his price, and that a glass of contraband whisky occasionally dealt out, came pretty close to being it. He was not unduly alarmed over Channing's presence. A little more caution—a little more "hooch." That was all.

It would not have been so bad if he had not succeeded so completely in debauching poor Jim Franey. Jim was his tool, and thought, poor, deluded youth, that because he was piling up a little money he would get Jess the sooner. She was, and had always been, since she could remember, promised to Jim. A growing disinclination on her part had repeatedly postponed any final step in the crude arrangements Broken Bow considered necessary to the plighting of troth. Now, that the debonair Channing had come into her life, the disinclination had quickened into positive dislike. Jess was a little tired of Jim's weak, truckling to the degraded nature of McCool.

Altho Jim made his home with her and her father, she saw less and less of him. It was Channing she rode with over the snow-banked hills. It was Channing who sat with her at nights while she knitted and her father drowsed and Jim caroused at McCool's. In short, she was with him every day, and if such a place as Broken Bow could be said to gossip, why, it did. At any rate, there are always malicious tongues that go and tell, and things be-

gan to look bad for Jim. To his brain, muddled with alcohol, they looked worse than they were. To his pseudo-employer McCool, they presented an opportunity for trouble-making that some people seem perpetually unable to resist. It would be extremely convenient having Channing out of the way, anyway; and far better that Jim should be responsible for it than McCool—far better for McCool, that is. He taunted the miserable boy and filled him up with his poisonous whisky until his mind was so inflamed that only the death of his successful rival could cool it. He made up his mind to get Channing at the first opportunity. McCool played his cards well—but not so well as he thought.

As for Channing, that young man was in a state of complete infatuation. If his choleric old uncle could have seen him spending his nights holding yarn for Jess and spinning yarns for the same young lady in a condition of innocuous, not to say unconscious bliss, he would doubtless have forgiven him all his former wild parties and—the hardest blow of all—his taking him at his word literally, and staying out of his uncle's sight.

Out of sight, out of mind, was the lonely old millionaire for Channing. He scarcely thought of anything but Jess—nothing more weighty or important, anyway, than the way her hair curled at the nape of her neck, or the way the winter wind whipped color into her cheeks as they rode cross-country, or the way her little hand felt when—at any rate, he *never* thought of his far-away uncle.

It would never have occurred to him, either, that Jim

CHANNING OF THE NORTHWEST

Fictionized by permission from the Selznick production of the screen version by Edward Montague of the story by John Willard. Personally staged by Ralph Ince, and starring Eugene O'Brien. The cast:

Channing	Eugene O'Brien
Jess Driscoll.....	Norma Shearer
Jim Franey.....	Gladden James
Sport McCool.....	P. C. Hartigan
Tom	James Seely
Cicily Vardon.....	Nita Naldi

Franeý was a menace, so that the night when Jim's opportunity finally came, to shoot him in cold-blood, he was not prepared to defend himself. Jim and McCool sat in McCool's private office, with the door open. Out in the big room Channing sat at the piano and entertained the room. He had proved that he was a regular fellow and a real he-man to the admiring eyes of the denizens of Broken Bow, and the somewhat feminine indulgence of playing a piano was permitted him without the usual caustic comment that invariably accompanied any manifestation of that nature.

"Get him, kid; now's your chance. I'll take care of you," whispered the malignant voice of McCool in Jim's ear.

Jim stood up with difficulty. He was pretty well tanked, but he could see Channing quite distinctly, his head thrown back, singing "Mandalay," to the appreciative audience. He fingered his gun shakily. He raised it and pointed it unsteadily in Channing's direction. One finger pulled at the trigger.

"Let 'er go, you fool! Dont waste any more time," said McCool. But Jim lowered his arm and sank back onto his chair. His legs had simply deserted him.

"It's no use," he whined weakly. "I cant do it. He's been too good to me. I cant shoot a man when his back is turned. He plays fair, anyway."

"Plays fair, does he?" snarled McCool. "Ask Jess about that. She's got to marry him, if she doesn't marry you, you poor damned fool. The girl's bad, I tell you. He's dragged her into it. He has been her lover pretty nearly since the first night they ever met. Everybody knows that, but you, you——"

He saw him open the door and stagger inside. He saw Jess's frightened stare melt into compassion as Jim told her what he had done

Jim jumped to his feet and stared at McCool like a mad man.

"You dirty liar!" he screamed. "You—you"—and became inarticulate.

A shot rang thru the room with a sharp report, clear above the noise of the tinkling piano and rich barytone of Channing. His voice ceased immediately, as tho the needle had been suddenly lifted from a phonograph record. McCool's big frame sprawled limply thru the doorway and a little circle of blood oozed out on the floor from under his body. Jim smashed the window pane behind him with his bare fist and, leaping thru, made a dash for home. He must tell Jess good-bye. That foul lie about her would die with McCool, and if they got him—it didn't matter much. He was no good, anyway——. Jess would be better off with a man like Channing——.

Channing jumped to his feet and broke into the room just as Jim broke thru the window. "Look after McCool," was his sharp command. "I'll get this fellow," and he was off after him.

Jess Driscoll had reached that classic state of mind, commonly known as "for Heaven's sake, let's do something." Life had suddenly assumed a tremendous import for her. It was not smooth and uneventful, as it had always been. She was face to face with a decision she knew she must make. It had crept upon her, slowly, insidiously surely, but it was here—and a nice ethical problem it was, for her untutored mind. Greater minds than Jess's had grappled with it in vain. It is still to be settled.

It was quite simply, this: should she sacrifice herself for the somewhat doubtful reclamation of the soul of Jim Franeý? Must she give up her happiness for the sake of a man scarcely worth saving? Did she not have a right to live her own life—the old, old question? Was she bound by a promise she did not make? She shrugged her shoulders wearily. On the table before her was spread their evening meal. Her father had left immediately after supper to help a distant neighbor with a sick calf. He always helped. They all did. Their life was like that. Had Jess any right to break those unwritten rules?

She stared dully at the unappetizing remains of their supper and suddenly without any warning its aspect changed. Channing crept into her thoughts, as he always did the moment her guard was lowered. She saw him sitting opposite her in his khaki-colored flannel shirt open at the throat, his face flushed and shining from hurried "washing-up," a huge knife in one hand ready to carve the steak for their first honeymoon meal. The cloth was no longer red and white checked—it was white, and there was silver and a little bunch of flowers and two tall candles sending their little beams



down on two young heads hopelessly dimmed by the glow in two pairs of shining eyes.

Jess sighed ecstatically. She could no more have visualized Channing as he really appeared in his former surroundings than she could have pictured her father at the Court of St. James. She could not imagine him in the correct evening clothes he habitually wore. As he was when she knew him, he appeared to her—her man! She blushed and sighed again. He had not asked her yet, but he would—he would. With a sharp stab of pain the other side of the question obtruded itself again. She must marry Jim or tell him she never meant to. She *must* do one thing or the other. She dropped her head on her arms stretched out in front of her on the table. The clock ticked noisily, but everything else was still.

The sudden sound of the door opening stealthily brought her to her feet. Jim Franey's haggard face and haunted eyes met her startled glance.

"What have you done, Jim?" she cried, recognizing instantly that something horrible had happened.

"I've shot McCool," replied Jim in a lifeless tone. "He—he—lied about you, Jess. I saw red for a minute. I'm rotten drunk I guess—I didn't mean to kill him—too much of a coward to kill anyone. But he lied about you, Jess—said you weren't a good girl—but you are, Jess. I know you are. Don't look that way. I can't bear it. I shot him because he lied—"

"Oh, Jim, poor Jim," said Jess interrupting. "What's to be done now?"

"I've got to get away—quick. But I had to tell you good-bye, Jess. I'm leaving you to a better man than I am, Channing. He loves you, Jess. You—you—could steer him off my trail. He'd do it for you, Jess. Will you try? You love him too—don't you?"

"Yes, I will, and I do," said Jess answering both questions at once, "but we must get you started, Jim. I'll pack a bag for you and get you something to eat."

She hurried about the unwelcome task with her thoughts far away—not so far away—but as far as McCools, where she knew Channing was. Her problem had been taken out of her hands. For that, she was grateful to Providence. In spite of her sincere agitation and concern over Jim's crime and the still doubtful outcome, she was seeing visions, visions of peace and love and placid contentment under an English heaven. At last he was gone, and Jess waited for Channing, for she knew he would come. She did not know he was already there, and had been there almost as long as Jim had. For once her heart had misled her. She had not sensed the presence of a loved one, which usually makes itself felt. But no matter, he *was* there.

He had known, of course, where Jim would go, and had followed the zig-zag tracks of his horse straight to Jess's house. He saw him open the door and stagger inside. He saw Jess's frightened stare melt into compassion as he told her what he had done. He watched her hastily pack a bag and put up a lunch for him. He saw the man kneel at her feet and kiss her hand in a frenzy of abasement. He could



hear everything that they said: Jim's whole miserable story. He could not blame Jim for shooting McCool. By G—! If he had spoken of Jess that way to him, he'd have shot him, too. The world was better off without the McCools. He heard Jess promise she would beg Channing off, that she wouldn't let them get him. Then he was suddenly aware that Jim was telling her how he had balked at shooting Channing, and that Jess would better take him, and that he (Channing) was pretty nearly good enough for Jess—if she loved him. Did she? He heard her answer that she did love "Hugh," hesitating sweetly over his name, and Jim was safe right then, if he had only known it. He watched him slink out thru the door again, remount his horse and gallop away. He waited a little while—as long as he could—and then went in to Jess.

She clasped her hands over her breast in sudden fright, but he looked down at her and smiled, a most disarming and all-enveloping smile.

"It's all right, dear," he hastened to reassure her. "I know all about it. I went go after poor old Jim. McCool's dead. The rest of his gang are under arrest now. My job's done—and I'm going home—back to England. Will you come with me, sweetheart?"

Mortimer T. Prince leaned back in his big arm-chair and placed his gouty foot carefully on its accustomed cushion. In his hand he held a yellow cablegram.

"It's just like him," he chuckled. "Wild young race-horse! Dodson, get Master Hugh's rooms ready. He's coming home. Have 'em redecorated. Get Karpen Brothers. Get anything

(Continued on page 93)

She clasped her hands over her breast in sudden fright, but he looked down at her and smiled, a most disarming and all-enveloping smile



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ON THE THRESHOLD

Alice Calhoun is at the beginning of her career. She promises much. Already she has wrested great praise from the critics. Already she has acquired a devoted following. Watch this young girl. Doesn't this picture make you think, somehow or other, of Lorna Doone?

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

AS THE CLASSIC goes to press, David Wark Griffith is starting preliminary work upon his next film production. The subject is still a secret but, judging from Mr. Griffith's comments, it will be a modern story. Mr. Griffith believes that the vogue of the costume picture will have exhausted itself by the end of the year. Mr. Griffith has not announced his cast for his production, but the probabilities are that Lillian Gish will not be in it. Miss Gish is shortly to start an independent production, which is to be filmed in the Griffith Mamaronck studios. Probably the leading rôle will go to Carol Dempster or Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh has been rumored as the star of the next Griffith film since last summer.

Mary and Doug have been in town, attending the Wilkenning suit against Miss Pickford. Each day throngs ebbed about



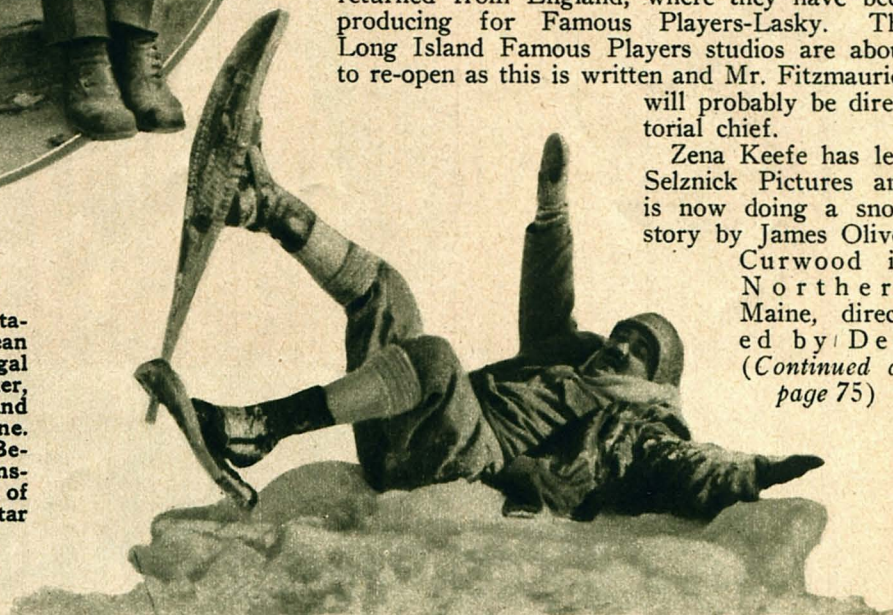
Above, Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, looks admiringly at the smiling Jean Paige, during the making of "The Prodigal Judge." She's his wife, you know. Center, grandstand seats for Raymond McKee and May McAvoy and the dinner-jacketed canine. All three have been visiting in New York. Below, William Christy Cabanne goes into transports (involuntary) of joy upon completion of his picture, "Beyond the Rainbow"—an all-star cast with a three-star director

the Federal Court building where the trial was held. The Fairbankses found time to attend a number of New York theaters and they were the guests at one or two social events, including a party given by Jack Barrymore and his wife. Having returned to the Coast, Doug rushed headlong into his film version of the Robin Hood story he is now producing. Mary is shortly to begin work on her revival of "Tess of the Storm Country." Jack Pickford was in town with his sister. Incidentally, rumors of his impending marriage to Marilyn Miller, the musical comedy star, were revived.

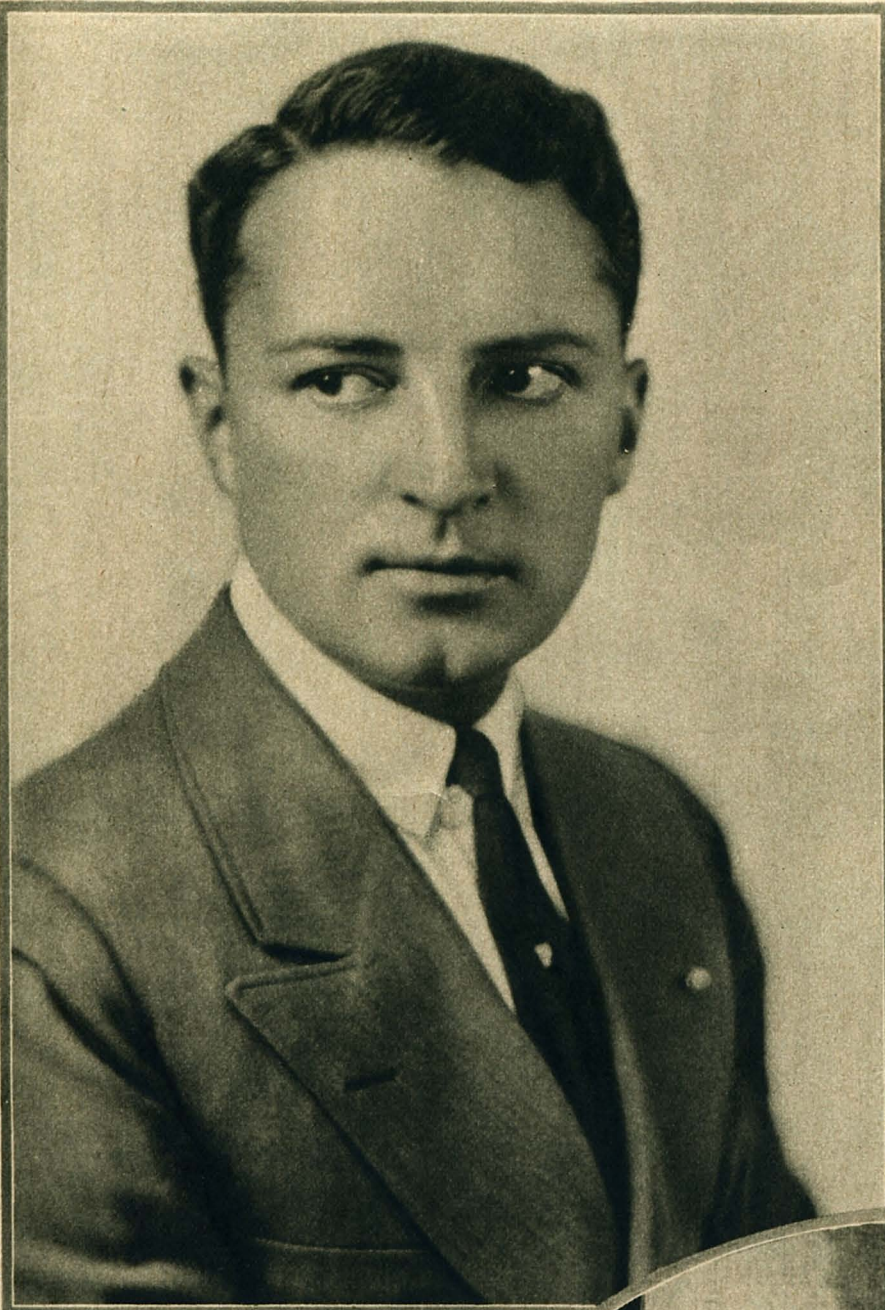
Norma and Constance Talmadge are back in town again. THE CLASSIC observer saw Norma the other day and she looked more beautiful than ever as the result of her vacation-work visit to the Coast.

George Fitzmaurice and John Robertson have returned from England, where they have been producing for Famous Players-Lasky. The Long Island Famous Players studios are about to re-open as this is written and Mr. Fitzmaurice will probably be directorial chief.

Zena Keefe has left Selznick Pictures and is now doing a snow story by James Oliver Curwood in Northern Maine, directed by Dell
(Continued on page 75)



An Apostle of the Human Touch



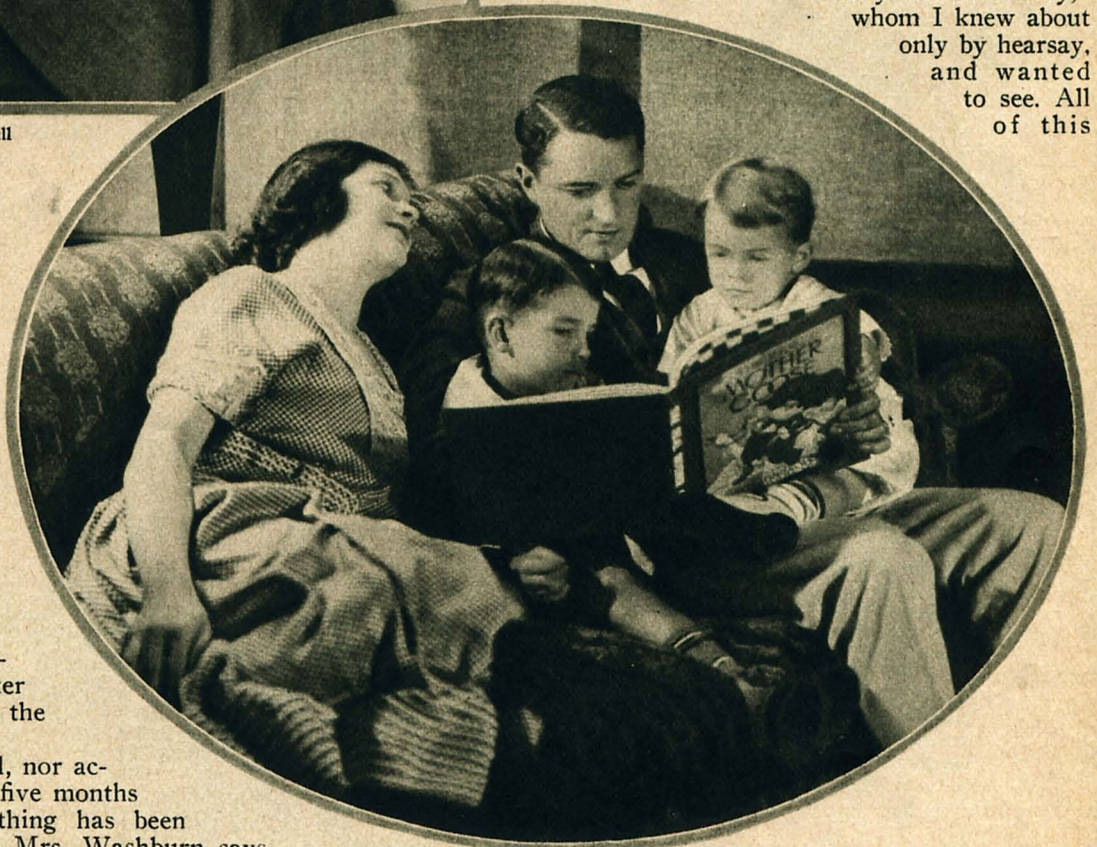
Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

that if he doesn't shave it off, she is going to leave him. It would be too bad if this small, dark, dapper little foreign influence should ruin his life; but he refuses to part with it, even tho his wife regards it with horror, and Jeannie MacPherson recently exclaimed, "Why, Bryant Washburn! What have you done to your face?" He has grown infatuated with it, and so, he says, it shall remain.

At any rate, this budding mustache that crops out every once in a while, appears to be the only point of difference the Washburns have. Theirs is a positive and not a negative philosophy of happiness. They do not go in for the namby-pamby kind of "glad" stuff, but they do believe in clinging to the genuine things of life, and their house is a home redolent of comfort and sincerity.

He has not grown temperamental nor acquired an English accent from his five months abroad. "Skinner's Dress Suit" remains his favorite picture. Below, is Bryant Washburn and his wife and "Sonny" and "Buddy"

Bryant Washburn came to Venice to get me. At first he suggested that we might have the interview in Venice on one of the picturesque spots overlooking the Pacific on the Kinney Pier, for instance. I hadn't seen him since he starred at Lasky's, and then I had talked with him at the studio; and then there were Mrs. Washburn and "Sonny" and "Buddy," whom I knew about only by hearsay, and wanted to see. All of this



MRS. BRYANT Washburn says that lately she has been a golf widow, and Bryant Washburn says that golf and pinocle are his most absorbing diversions; but

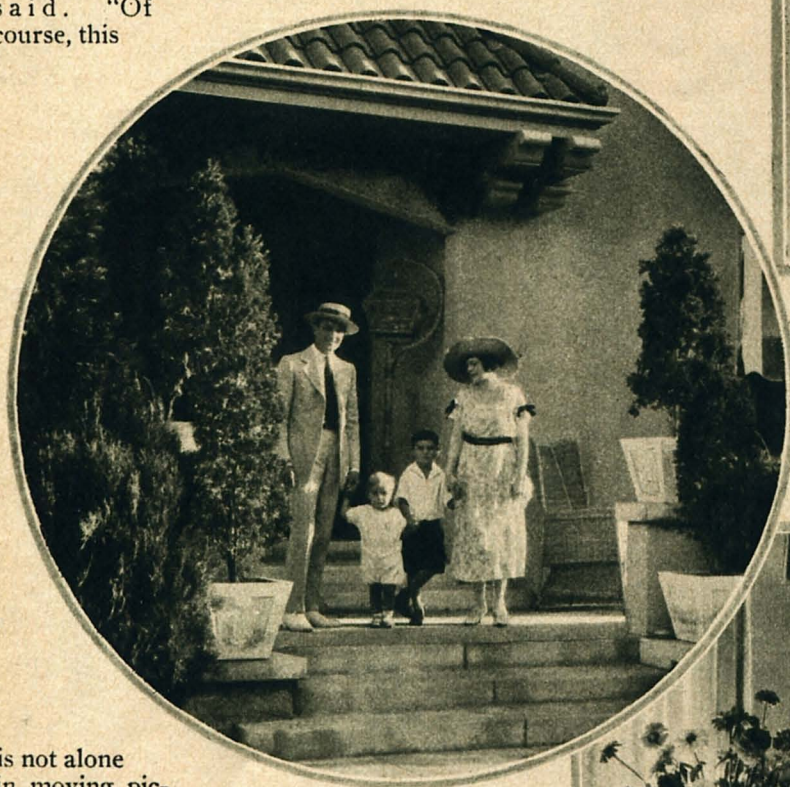
the thing you notice most of all is that even tho he wept real tears in a close-up of a new Goldwyn picture, "Hungry Hearts," "Skinner's Dress Suit" remains his favorite picture, and he is still the same seeker after light comedy and apostle of the human touch that he used to be.

He has not grown temperamental, nor acquired an English accent from his five months abroad, but at this writing something has been trembling on his lips for days and Mrs. Washburn says

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

he discerned beneath my reluctant consent to his suggestion over the telephone. So, when we met at the head of the stairs that lead to the Venice Lagoon, he said cheerfully, "We're going back to Hollywood," and as his big green car glided out of Venice, I wasted precious moments wondering whether or not I liked that little mustache, and what had happened to Bryant Washburn. It took me fully five minutes to discover that nothing had happened to him at all. The little mustache, and some to-be-expected development, that was all. Otherwise, he was the same Bryant Washburn.

"In all the twelve years I've been in pictures, I've never seen conditions as they are at present," he said. "Of course, this



is not alone in moving pictures; you see it everywhere. Men were making money fast and spending it faster than they made it. A salesman in one of the big music houses in Los Angeles told me about a working man who came in and bought a very expensive piano. After being assured that he had purchased the best piano made, he said to the salesman, 'That's fine! Have you got another one just like it?' 'Yes, we have,' said the salesman.

"'All right,' said the customer, 'I'll take that, too!'

"The salesman didn't know what to make of this. 'What on earth do you want with two pianos?' he asked. 'Well,' said the working man, 'I'll tell you. I have two little girls, and I want both of them to take piano lessons!'

"You see," said Washburn, "that man's idea of luxury was having a piano for each of his children. I know of dozens of people who were spending money just as foolishly.



Photograph by Hartsook

Above, Bryant Washburn, a late portrait. Center, The Washburns on the steps of their Hollywood home. Below, Bryant listens to his wife play "Home Sweet Home"



Now, those who have money are being more cautious, and, of course, a good many people who made large sums of money during the war haven't any of it now.

"I've been doing very much the same as everybody else lately: playing pinocle and golf. I've made only two pictures since I left Lasky's, 'The Road to London' and 'Hungry' (Continued on page 90)

An Immoderate Ambition



Photograph
by Melbourne
Spurr, L. A.

Which leads us to a consideration of Doris herself. This is a sort of anniversary story about Doris. She had just completed her third starring picture, "Boy Crazy," and she had just completed her seventh month of married life, so we decided that it should be an anniversary tale, and that I should tell of Doris just as I found her upon this momentous occasion.

Everything which happens to Doris, and everything which has happened to her since she came out of Seattle and descended upon Hollywood, has been momentous. She is that kind of girl. Her rosebud mouth and wide-open grey eyes, with their fringe of curling lashes, should create a momentous impression on the world. I imagine that she impressed the great "C. B." that way when her mother led her by the hand into "C. B.'s" sanctum and announced that "little Doris" wanted a job! Of course, Mrs. May was a friend of Mrs. de Mille, and so everything was all right—even up and thru the point where Doris was selected by the

Doris May wants to be a Douglas Fairbanks-in-skirts. She tried to act as she thought he would have done it, in "Boy Crazy," her latest picture. We shall see . . .

great director to be Mary Pickford's double in "The Little American," largely, perhaps, because Doris replied, in answer to sundry questions, that she wasn't afraid to dive or

"I MAY be black and blue from trying to be a female Fairbanks—but 'ain't we got fun?" quoth Doris May to me in merry mood.

Hollywood shadows were falling fast about the little reception-room—the room of a thousand secrets—at the vast studios.

Doris, very modish in a new silver-grey fur and poke-bonnet effect, sat curled up on one of those chaise longues which I do not like to try to spell. She had been furniture-buying with hubby.

"At last!" she exclaimed, when we had been duly introduced, and the remark which opens this story, and to which we arrive again later, had been made. "At last I am to have my own home, and it's going to be furnished the way I want it. But isn't it terrible the way things cost now? I don't pretend to be Scotch, but I'm holding on to all the pennies I can, because some day—well, even Mary Pickford can't last forever!"



By
GORDON GASSAWAY

die—and that she could swim. Anyway, in case you didn't know it, that is the way Doris May started in pictures—by doubling for Miss Pickford.

Doris has a personality which might be even more agreeable on the stage than on the screen, and that is saying a typewriterful, for we know how attractive this wisp of a girl is on the screen. If Doris had been initiated into the land of Thespis at the time when bedroom farces and comedy-dramas ushered in the flapper era on Broadway, and Doris had knocked at the door of a Broadway booking office, I think she would be one of the Whitened Way's brightest stars to-day. Which is by way of telling you that her *speaking* personality is adorable. Her voice is rather deep, and just as you might



imagine from looking at her in "Eden and Return," or in any of the pictures she made with Douglas MacLean for Ince; she speaks with something of a lisp.

"I would like to be Douglas Fairbanks," she burst forth when we had discussed for a few moments the high price of day-entries. "I mean, I'd like to be a Fairbanks-in-skirts. Of course, there could be no such thing, just as there could be no puss-in-boots, but it is fun to play there might, and in 'Boy Crazy' I did everything just as I thought Doug would do it! I really am black and blue in the most awful places from leaping over tables and sliding down poles."

The career of this new star has been meteoric, as you already know. From the moment that Tom Ince observed her, as she was on her way to buy a loaf of bread in the suburbs of Los Angeles, near the old Ince studio, to her first starring vehicle, "The Foolish Age," Doris has been a child of fortune. Ince saw her as an attractive little girl who had just been peeking thru a knot-hole in the fence of his studio, and he gave her the leading part with Charlie Ray. Doris didn't know she had the leading part until she discovered that Mr. Ray was about to kiss her! Then she turned and fled across the street to the apartment where she lived with her mother!

Oh, girls! She fled, weeping, from Charlie Ray! Would you? But, with cookies and things, Mr. Ince enticed her back to the studio, and she finished the picture. She was a success in the second picture she had ever worked in.

(Continued on page 87)

Her career has been meteoric. Ince saw her as an attractive little girl who had just been peeping thru a knot-hole in the fence of his studio, and gave her the leading part with Charles Ray



The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats



IN the wake of every disaster come the jackals and hyenas, sniffing at the corpse. The mystery of the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the director, is no exception.

As is always the case in every big news sensation, irresponsible news writers, for their own profit, have flown to the wires and flooded them with wild yarns about Hollywood that were libelous, cruel, malicious, ignorant and yellow to the point of putridity.

A great deal of the rotten junk sent to the newspapers about the Hollywood film colony must be laid to fortuitous circumstance.

It so happened that Los Angeles was flooded with newspaper writers sent from Chicago and other Eastern cities to report the Obenchain murder trial. The

case had been postponed and the writers were hanging around Los Angeles waiting for entertainment. Having no knowledge of the film colony or of motion picture people, but with an avid thirst for a good story, they kept the wires hot with strange, wild and fantastic dreams about nude swimming parties, etc. The famous El Paso faker who used to fill the newspapers with pipe dreams must be hanging his head with shame; he is in the piker class. Los Angeles newspapers, as well as the Chamber of Commerce and city council and other commercial organizations, have hotly defended the movie colony. At the same time, a great deal of harm has been done.

Two girls especially have suffered bitterly—Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter. By the strange police doctrine that every letter found in the house of a murdered man belongs to the public to be pawed over, both these girls have been subjected to mortification and shame which will probably have a lasting effect.

Photograph (below) © by Spurr, L. A.

Mary Miles Minter got a particularly tough deal. At an age when most girls are thinking of nothing but ice cream sodas and have no responsibilities except to keep their noses powdered, Mary has to walk in a pitiless scrutiny that is the lot of heroes and kings. Like many another young girl, she wrote breathlessly indiscreet letters to a man old enough to be her father. There seems to be nothing particularly sinful in her writing, "I love you; I love you; I love you," to Taylor. Yet these letters have been printed with a vileness of insinuation and



Above: Tommy Meighan surrounded by ardent admirers during a lull in the making of "A Proxy Daddy." Center, Charlie Chaplin and Anna Pavlova. Altho their art is silent, they both have the most eloquent feet in the world. Below, Buster Keaton entertains his sister-in-law at billiards. Will Norma make it?



By
HARRY CARR

innuendo that must have been a heart-breaking experience for a young girl—or an old girl either. The entire motion picture industry has without doubt suffered severely, tho unjustly, by reason of the Taylor case.

* * *

The Universal Zoo has been attacked by a case of temperament.

"Charley," the big elephant, has become so bad tempered it is no longer possible to use him in pictures. He has been chained by both front feet to the cement floor of the elephant barns and stands there swaying to and fro—looking tough and dissipated.

Joe Martin, the big monk, has also lost his sweet disposition. They thought maybe Joe was lonely, so they put a very tiny monkey in the cage with him the other day. Joe took him up like a watch charm. He swung him around by one arm for a few turns, just as a naughty girl misbehaves with a doll; then suddenly he heaved his small companion across the cage with a motion like Walter Johnson throwing his speed ball and the little monk was gathered to the glory of his fathers.

Over at Christie's comedy lot, the tame bear also kicked up one day recently and Harry Edwards went to a hospital for repairs.

* * *

Every one is doing serials again. Ruth Roland is just finishing one for Hal Roach. The lovely Ruth did some of the last scenes at Truckee. When the train which bore her to the location stopped, she saw a crowd on the platform and got out to "take the bow," only to find herself acting as an extra girl in the middle of a mob, making a Christie Comedy.

* * *

Louis Burston, for whom Gareth Hughes and Bessie Love are working in a picture, has decided to do something revolutionary; he is going to wind up the picture without a "clinch" or a kiss. Presumably, the two lovers will indicate in some manner there is no bad feeling between them, but no kissing allowed!

* * *

Talk about the lion lying down with the lamb! Huh! James Young, accounted he most sensitive, high-strung direc-

(Continued on
page 80)

(Sixty-Five)



Photograph (left) by
Paul Grenbeaux



Above, Pauline Frederick and her director, Emile Chautard, find something funny in the newspaper — probably about Hollywood! Center, Marguerite de la Motte and John Bowers trim a wicked sheet on the latter's yacht *Uncas*. Below, Sessue Hayakawa shows the R-C studios to the little Japanese nightingale, Tamaki Muira



"A Bonny Winsome Wee Thing"

"My Peggy is a wee thing—a bonny winsome wee thing," is Baby Peggy of Century Comedies, who was selected from three hundred applicants to play opposite the star "Brownie." She is not quite three o'clock. Below, a portrait of Miss Peggy and her leading man. Right, the star counts her salary at the end of a perfect (little girl) day. Above, she makes up for an important scene. Center, her own ducky little self



Photograph by Freulich



**KEEP OFF
THE GRASS**





You cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through in places to the delicate nail root that lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the surface of the cuticle



What causes hangnails?

*You need never again
have a raw, ragged cuticle*

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when

you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

Two new polishes to complete your manicure

Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uni-

form smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

Cutex Sets in four sizes

To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in four sizes, the Compact Set at 60c, the Traveling Set at \$1.50, the Five-Minute Set at \$1.00, and the Boudoir Set at \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c today in coin or stamps for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery box. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 905, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

*The new Cutex
Introductory Set*



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

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New York City.

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The Prodigal Judge



Vitagraph has given Maclyn Arbuckle to the screen in the character of the lovable old ne'er-do-well of Vaughan Kester's novel, Judge Slocum Price, who found his way back to the respect of his fellow men because he held the key to their hearts



He has an extraordinary range of expression, as you will see in studying the six heads on this page. Pick them out for yourselves: Benignity, irascibility, quizzicalness, unadulterated mirth, pomposity and fury

One cream to protect against wind and sun

*A different cream to cleanse the
skin thoroughly*

WIND and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

The cream to use before going out

Pond's *Vanishing Cream* gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's *Vanishing Cream* on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's *Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

The cream to use for cleansing

AT night, just before retiring, or right after you have come in from an automobile trip or any unusual exposure to dust and dirt, cleanse your face thoroughly



To protect your skin against wind and sunburn and to hold the powder, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out

with Pond's *Cold Cream*. This cream is entirely different from the protective daytime cream. It is made with just enough oil to penetrate the pores and rid them of dirt without overloading them with oil.

When you have smoothed Pond's *Cold Cream* well into the pores and allowed it to work its way out of the skin again, wipe it off with a soft cloth. This deep cleansing leaves the skin free from the grime that bores too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Once or twice a week after this nightly cleansing, give the face a second application of Pond's *Cold Cream*. Work it in gently where lines are starting to form. The oil in this delicate cream lubricates the skin and keeps it elastic, so that little lines cannot fasten themselves on the face and form wrinkles.

Start today to use these two creams

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
160 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

"The Dust Flower"



Three of the many striking costumes worn in Goldwyn's "The Dust Flower." Top: Blue net over gold metal-cloth trimmed with iridescent beads. Bodice of blue velvet and gold ribbon. Right, a black velvet drape with pastel flowers of metal-cloth, and long silk fringe. Left, frock of black velvet with girdle of jade and jet. The cape is black velvet, lined with silver and trimmed with black taffeta hand-made flowers





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THE
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CO.

Dress Your Hair to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Poor Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

Making *the* MOST of Your Hair

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you

can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it

until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



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—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

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Stillman's Rouge - 25c
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At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

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STARTER AND LIGHTS
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Join our great Auto Club and win Grand Prizes including Ford Sedan! Can you make out two words spelled by figures in picture? The alphabet is numbered—A in 1, B in 2, etc. What are the two words? Other valuable prizes and hundreds of dollars in cash given. Everybody wins! So easy you will be surprised. We've already given away many Autos. Why not you? Send answer today. Ford Willson, Mgr, 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 2438, Chicago, Ill.



Do You Dare

to raise your arms freely in this season's thin waists and gowns low cut? Your mind will be at ease if you use

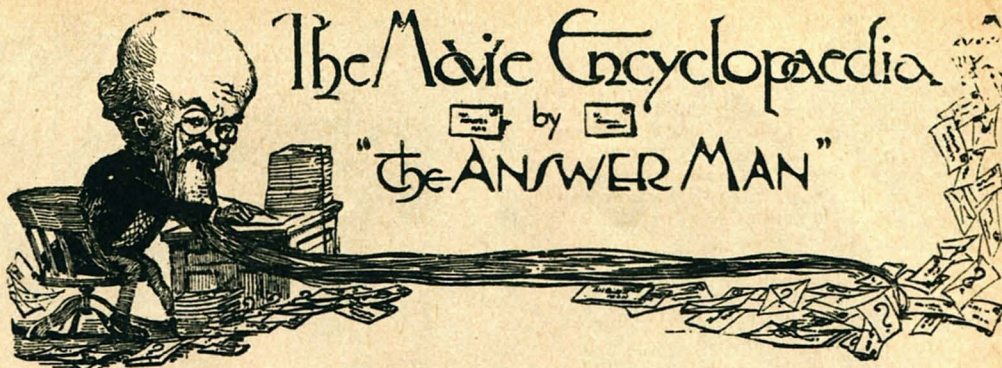
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It is a preparation made scientifically correct for the purpose of safely removing hair from the face, neck or under-arms.

It leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth—and is easy to apply.

Druggists sell Delatone, or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. E, 339 S. Wabash Av., Chicago



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—Old friendship does not rust. If it rusts, it was not friendship. Glad you came. I didn't see that Eddie Polo serial. Sorry, old man. Antonio Moreno has been playing for the last eight years. You know, he started with Biograph, then went with Vitagraph, where he is yet. William Duncan is with Vitagraph, Hollywood, Calif.

BUNNY.—Men are singular beings; they must always have something to amuse themselves with. Why, Raymond Poincaré is the present Premier of France. Jackie Coogan, in "Trouble." But not for long. Ann Little is playing in Ben Wilson's "Chained Lightning." So you are all for Rudolph Valentino. You're not alone. Betty Compson is about twenty-three years old. No, she is not married. You're welcome.

BOB AND BILL.—What you say proves that man is spiritually a long-sighted creature; he sees clearest at a distance; details confuse him; he must get away from that which he would judge; one describes summer best on a winter's day. You refer to "Moran of the Lady Letty." Charles Ray, in "The Barnstormer."

IRISH.—That's it—understanding, which is the first great need in all human relations. Sure thing, Conrad Nagel's wife is living. Send them direct to the magazine.

J. M. S.—Well, I wish you luck. No, I never married. You see, I would insist on wearing the pants. There is no greater misfortune for a man than to allow himself to be governed by his wife. In such case, he is neither himself nor his wife; he is a perfect nonentity. Norma Talmage is West right now. That's all; just the three sisters. Ethel Clayton is with Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

HONEST SCARF.—Good night! You leave nothing unsaid. Well, to begin with, Benjamin E. Hampton is a producer. John Emerson, a writer of scenarios. I don't know which has more to say at Lasky studio—Cecil B. de Mille or Frank E. Woods. I know they both say and do a lot, and I guess they are on speaking terms most of the time.

MARY P.—Well, Mary, a beautiful woman is never without wit; she has the wit to be beautiful, *à tout prix*. Here they are, in order of their ages, Norma, Natalie and Constance. Harold Lloyd's next will be "Have a Heart." I certainly am one of his admirers, and he could borrow money from me. He is a gentleman and a funny one, but when he visited us here there was nothing funny about him. Write me again, Mary.

CLIFTONITE.—The only thing I can advise you to do is to write direct to the magazine for back numbers.

GENEVIEVE.—What pretty pink paper—oh, my! Do you always use pink? Or have you a color for every day—blue for when you are feeling that way, red for when you are angry, green for when you are jealous, and so on? Yes, Rudolph Valentino is going to play in "Blood and Sand." You know, Otis Skinner is playing it on the stage. Bebe Daniels and May McAvoy are playing opposite him. Lila Lee will play opposite Wallace Reid in "The Dictator."

MILLY B.—You say you want more mention of Milton Sills. *Cela est bon*. I will do my best. At this writing, he is playing in "The Cat That Walked Alone." Yes, he has played on the stage. The English say that love and a cough cannot be hid, but love and smoke are two things which cannot be concealed. Write me again. Your letter was mighty interesting.

AMBITIOUS.—Don't think of trying to break into the movies. Nearly everybody is broke and nobody is making money except Mary Pickford—and at this minute the lawyers are trying to get hers. 'Twixt the censors and Arbuckle and the Taylor case, and hard times, and bad actors, and bad directors, and bad pictures, the movies have been hit pretty hard. But it will all come out in the wash, and some day the sun will again smile on us.

HEARN ADMIRER.—Rave on, but eighty-odd years have taught me not to trust fine speeches. Yes, Leah Beard is playing in "Don't Doubt Your Wife." I don't doubt but what she's right. Well, I am still earning my little ten-fifty per week, and I manage. In order to know the value of money, a man must be obliged to borrow. Then he'll see how hard it is to get. Oh, I don't mind answering questions; that's what I'm here for.

MARGARET B.—According to my cards, Nevada now has only 0.7 population for each square mile. Rhode Island is our most densely populated State, with a population of 566.5 for each square mile. The last census plainly shows a strong urban drift. Gaston Glass, Rosemary Theby, Kenneth Harlan and Alice Lake are going to play in the Edwin Carewe Productions—a new company. And still they come!

LILY FLOWERS.—Cheer up, it could be worse. Remember that Napoleon said, "Man is very hard to understand, and not to deceive ourselves, we must judge him only by his actions of the moment." I am glad you like Elliott Dexter. Yes, he is in his forties, but which end, I don't know. So you think Wallace Reid is "making up" like a woman. Wallie, Wallie, have a care! Your letter was *chef d'œuvre*.

WHITE PLAINS.—Yes, I've been there. Rupert Julian and Ruby LaFayette had the leads in "Mother O'Mine." I liked that play, too.

GINGER.—Feeling a little peppy, are you? Do I approve of the present-day flapper? Well, I'd first like to know what they are. What are they, anyhow? My dictionary says, "one who flaps." Perhaps they are angels. I'd do anything for you—Rudolph Valentino can be reached at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Am I not kind?

ESPERANZA.—*Alma mia*. You take me off my feet. I weigh a lot, too. Better join one of the correspondence clubs. Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the club addresses. It's lots of fun writing to everybody.

POLLY.—Yes, I saw "The Doll's House," but didn't care a great deal for it, altho some of them around here think it fine. Henrik Johan Ibsen was born in Norway on March 20, 1828. He wrote "The Doll's House" in 1879. John Bowers was Clayton, and Monte Blue was Sherd, in "Cumberland Romance."

RUFO ROMERO.—Yes, Seena Owen was married to George Walsh once. See above for Mr. Lasky's address—same as the studio. It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is scrubbing in some part. Keep on scrubbing. It needs a lot. No, I do not write the answers for BEAUTY. Corliss Palmer does, and I am a wee bit jealous of the pretty young thing.

O'CEDAR.—Hands up! Pickles and ginger-snaps. What a combination. That's some letter of yours. So you dont like Rudolph Valentino. What? Treason! There are no boundaries in the world of thought.

MANDEL.—Well, all I know about Tom Gallery is that he is married to Zasu Pitts, and he hasn't arrived in the Gallery yet. You know, a player usually has to "arrive" before he gets in our Gallery.

DOODLES.—Well, I manage with about eight hours' sleep. Nature requires five; custom gives seven; laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven. I'm down to the office every morning at eight-thirty. And I dont use roller-skates, either. Their name is Flugrath. I enjoyed yours.

J. S. F.—Alice Terry has played in "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power" and "Turn to the Right." She is the wife of her director, Rex Ingram. Thanks a lot. Yes, life is merciless; it goes on its way regardless of the living or the dead. Write me again.

LENA T.—If you would understand men, study women. "If Winter Comes," which was to have starred James Kirkwood, has been abandoned, for the present. I understand Fox is going to produce it. Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills, in Dorothy Dalton's "The Cat That Walked Alone." Rockcliffe Fellowes is playing opposite Corinne Griffith in "Island Wives."

JUST SIS.—That's some letter. I was glad to hear about yourself. I hope in three years' time you will be able to come and see me. I certainly hope you will write me again, and I wish you the best of luck.

JUST TEDDY.—The only university in the United States to offer a course in fisheries is the University of Washington. Yes, David Warfield intends to do "The Return of Peter Grimm" on the screen, and he to play Peter. I knew he would come into our fold eventually—they all do. Lottie Pickford and her new husband, Allan Forrest, in "They Shall Pay."

MARGIE.—My dear, didn't you know she passed away?

MENACE.—Of course, we can become better acquainted. Just write me as often as you like. Yes, I still have my beard, and still live in my hall-room. I dont mind it. Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley, with Conrad Nagel, are going to play in "Nice People." William de Mille will direct. Did you see the play? It was ripping.

J. P.—No, May Allison expects to come back to the screen soon. Ditto Theda Bara. I hear that Sarah Bernhardt will play in a series of pictures. You're welcome.

PETE.—To be cured of your longing, you need only obtain what you wished for. Yes, Mary Miles Minter's hair is real. Yes, he is really cross-eyed. Poor chap.

NOT ENOUGH

By VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

I gave her the moon in a circle of stars,
And I gave her the wayside flowers;
But she wanted a diamond, cold and white,
To look at in idle hours:
And she wanted a house, with dull grey walls,
That shut out the kiss of night;
And she talked of a little limousine,
Cushioned in colors bright.

I gave her my arms and I gave her my lips,
And the light in my eyes was for her;
But she spoke of a beaded bag she'd seen,
And the duckiest cross-fox fur—
And orchids, she said, were the only flowers
That really went well with her hair.
So I took back the moon in its circle of stars,
And left her standing there.

(Seventy-three)



Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by en-

larging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing"

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

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Below



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You aren't compelled to keep your hair dry when you restore color with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. There is nothing to wash or rub off, because it isn't a crude dye, but a real restorer, clean and clear as water.

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Very easily applied, with results safe, sure and certain. You do it yourself, in private with no one to guess your secret.

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Send for the free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray disappear and the natural color return. When the restoration is complete and you know how natural and beautiful you can make your hair, get a full-sized bottle, from your druggist or direct.

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Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
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medium brown... light brown, light auburn
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The most attractive high-salaried opportunities ever open to women can now be found in the two delightful new professions which have recently burst into prominence—**Dress and Costume Designing**, which is the creating of new styles, and **Fashion Illustration**, which is the drawing of costumed figures. Hundreds of ambitious women are finding in them fascinating careers filled with the greatest pleasure and profit.



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No matter what you are doing now—no matter what your training has been—you, too, can now easily qualify for either of these attractive professions. You do not even have to give up your present position while studying. The wonderful Fashion-Correction method devised by a famous fashion artist, now enables you to learn either Fashion Illustrating or Designing right at home in your spare time.

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125 Kingston St. Boston, Mass.



The Prisoner of Zenda

(Continued from page 31)

save the brave Englishman with his red fur! Then, if you can, return with him and I will admit you to the king!"

The first streaks of dawn made crimson conflagration in the East when swift hoof beats sounded on the Forest Road. From the dimness, striking sparks as they came, plunged three riders and drew rein before the moat of the chateau. Sweeping down from his saddle, the foremost struck the iron disk with the mallet that swung beside it, filling the air with alarmed clamor which was answered by a flight of rooks from among the towers.

"Quick!" panted the second figure, which even by the pale light seemed to sit its saddle oddly. "They are close behind—if we don't reach the king first, his sons will be orphans before ever they're born!"

Again and again, the iron screamed its warning, and now a light appeared at the portal, with a slim woman-figure outlined against it. "Good!" said Sapt. "She's with us! There goes the drawbridge—damn these tenth century piles, anyhow! I'll wager his royal Highness is cursing his ancestors' habit of making dungeons to keep their enemies in."

The woods behind them were filled with shouts and cursing. It seemed to the watchers that the descending column of the drawbridge would never come within reach, but before it had touched the masonry the first horse was upon it, the others close behind.

"Go to the King!" Rudolf Rassendyll said sharply. "I'll keep them back as long as I can." The light from the lantern in the great hallway showed one arm hanging useless at his side. With the other he dragged at the blade hanging at his side, a golden blade that cut a wide swath of light as he swung it above his head, laughing, to meet the onslaught of the King's foes.

"It is lucky we all came straight from the Coronation Ball!" cried Rudolf, as he parried the fierce lunge of Michael's blade skilfully. "For if you gentlemen were armed with anything except these cheese slicers it would be a short shift for me!"

Laughing, conversing whimsically, his blade always flashing in sly thrust and clever parry, the man who had once that night escaped the assassin's dagger seemed to bear a charmed life. Michael's fury blinded him, an unwary step, and with the roar of a bull he plunged head first over the edge of the bridge, and the sickening thud of a striking body came up from below. Another followed him, screaming all the way, a third crumpled down spitting out teeth and curses from a blow in the mouth.

And suddenly it was over and Rudolf still smiling, toppled backward into the arms of his friends. "—it's nothing—" he said thickly, "a scratch. Glad to do any little job of rescuing, your Majesty may happen to need!"

"My friend, you should have been the king and not I!" Rudolf of Ruritania said, grasping his unwounded hand. The royal prisoner was pale and haggard, but there was a new purpose in his bearing, a new light in his eyes, "you are a better thing than a king, you are a man!"

"Quite all right!" Rudolf protested, then his gaze wandered past them and he uttered a cry. Following his eyes, the others drew away as if by common consent and left him to move forward and meet the Princess Flavia alone. "You—" he said wonderingly, "how did you come?"

She gestured to the dimness behind them. "By a car. The roads are so bad they seldom use motors on them, but I could not wait—" By the light of the lantern she saw his bloodstained arm, rudely bandaged, and her face went deathly white. "They have hurt you! Oh, my dear—you are suffering—"

Somehow they were in each others' arms. "Suffering! I am in Heaven!" Rudolf cried in a shaken tone. "But I must not let you love me, Heart of Pity, without telling you that I am no king, but only a very ordinary man!"

"—oh, that," she murmured, blushing gloriously. "I think I guessed it from the first! But ordinary—no! There is no one like you in all the world. I think that God must be proud to think that He could make you."

Their voices sank to murmurs, and still they stood in the circle of each others' arms, forgetting time and space and all else save themselves.

"You came, no doubt, Princess, to satisfy your anxiety in regard to King Rudolf's safety?" said a suave voice in their ears, bringing them apart to find Colonel Sapt beside them. "It is gratifying to His Majesty to learn of your solicitude. He will thank you in person if you will give me the honor of allowing me to conduct you to your betrothed."

The merest trifle he stressed the last word. A silence fell upon them, in which the light went out of Flavia like a candle that is blown. She swayed, then stood proudly straight, looking at the man she loved with hopeless eyes. "He is right. My life was settled before I was born."

"You can't mean that!" Rudolf Rassendyll cried, with the feeling that he was beating his will against something stronger than he, as if he should try to tear down these granite walls with his bare hands to reach her. "Tradition! Duty! These are only words—but our love is real, the world is wide, Heart's Dearest! It belongs to us, and as sure as I am man and you are woman, you belong to me! Let me take you away, now—tonight—"

Her eyes closed. "No—" she spoke painfully, as tho each word were a pang, "I must keep my faith! I shall marry the King and be a good wife to him—"

He was savage with his pain. "You

will bear his children! What of mine?" Her hands went to her breast with a sharp cry, and he touched them remorsefully. "Forgive me! I am selfish—you are right—an angel. I can fight men, but Destiny I cannot fight. Only tell me that you forgive me before I go."

"Forgive you!" Flavia cried piteously. "I love you. I shall love you always, and if that is wrong I cannot help it—"

Once more they clung desperately, but now they did not speak, for words are useless things at best. The most eloquent of them cannot staunch the bleeding of a wound or hold time back a single instant. Then Rudolf was gone, hurrying across the drawbridge and down the steep streets of the little town toward the station.

The Princess Flavia stood quite still. Every sense seemed to be merged into the effort of listening. At length, shrill and mocking in the grey dawnlight came the whistle of the early train, bearing a solitary passenger away from Zenda into the distant world.

The golden head went up gallantly. Slim and grave and proud, she turned to the waiting Sapt. "And now," said the Princess Flavia, steadily, "now you shall take me to his Majesty, the King!"

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(Continued from page 59)

Henderson. The production will have independent release.

Rumors have it that Theda Bara will soon return to the screen, directed by her husband, Charles Brabin, who recently left the directorial staff of William Fox.

Mary Astor, one of the winners of last year's Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by the Brewster Publications, has advanced to the post of leading woman, and is now playing opposite Eugene O'Brien in Selznick Pictures.

Richard Barthelmess' next production has been held up for four weeks by the illness of Mr. Barthelmess' director, Henry King.

Bert Lytell has been a New York visitor. So, too, has been Viola Dana. James Kirkwood is back from his trip abroad. William de Mille is visiting in Manhattan.

Cecil de Mille passed thru New York, en route from abroad to Los Angeles. Mr. de Mille was very ill on the other side and had to be carried to his private car upon his arrival here. He is now reported to be slowly convalescing.

Mildred Yea and Nay

(Continued from page 33)

breeding to develop. Mildred Davis' beauty is of that degree. She has the delicate colors of pale gold, clear blonde, and dainty pink. She has the fragrance of youthful enthusiasm, of faith and trust, of girlish illusions and ideals—and her film characters are a composite of all of these.

(Seventy-five)



The Price You Pay

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Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research,

has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

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"My Trip Abroad"

A Review by

SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

THE virtuosity displayed by the average moving picture star is beyond belief. They not only act in, but write, direct, superintend and produce their own stories. Their avocations seem to be as numerous as flies in summer; their achievements, as flies in December. Sooner or later, these—er—side-lines have to be dropped and they return to their original talent, acting, and stick to that. At least, that is what most of them should do. The fact that a person can act extraordinarily well, does not necessarily qualify him to write a book.

But the answer to that is, that Charlie Chaplin has written a book—not exactly that he has written a book, but that he has written a good book—an absorbing book, an amusing and endearing and edifying book; a story of quaint and individual charm which loses nothing by being literally true; a volume of errant bits of philosophy, of searching psychology, of poignant introspection and mordant humor; a diverting account of his return to his native heath, enlivened by keen satire, enriched by passages of rare poetic beauty.

I wish everybody who has even a remote interest in the movies might read this book. It will most surely help rehabilitate the poor maligned "Cinemese," as Herbert Howe calls them, in the eyes of a thoughtless and condemnatory public. They will discover that the conservative Old World has accepted one of the calumniated, and accorded him honor and acclaim that no American has drawn since Mark Twain. The movies and their protagonists belong to the vast following they have developed. Being one of the vast following, I cannot but feel a personal pride in the homage done Charlie Chaplin; a corresponding warmth of heart over his triumph; an intense gratification in the recognition accorded this representative of the field of which I am a humble unit. So much for that.

As a literary performance, "My Trip Abroad" leaves much to be desired. Its style is jerky, unpolished, crude, and not

always coherent. It is written almost entirely in short, choppy sentences. It is abominably diffuse. It wanders all over the map. It makes the change from subtlety to slap-stick in one sentence. But who cares for that? It never once strains after effect and, therefore, achieves it easily. Chaplin's description of his emotions on beholding again his old haunts after so many years, and under such different circumstances, is told with a touching simplicity that lifts it far above the bathos it might easily have become.

His terrified anticipation—one moment fearing there would be a crowd, and the next, fearing there would not; his reaction to the clamoring throng that actually did meet him; his imperative impulse to "put on airs" before his cousin Aubrey; his unique impressions of this and that—all these things he tells with the golden tongue of a gifted amateur. His walk thru the Limehouse district with its literary father, Burke, is as interesting as one of the famous "Nights" itself. His experiences with reporters; the curious and amusing letters he received; his frank discussions of his friends are as naive and spontaneous as a child's.

His sensations on meeting Barrie and Wells and other English notables are not characterized by any mock humility, but by the respectful deference all great souls feel in the presence of their own kind.

If you should begin to think that the high-brows have claimed Charlie Chaplin for their own, thereby rendering him inaccessible to the rest of us, set your mind at rest. Charlie's youngest admirer could read his book with understanding and enjoyment. By the same token, the great of mind and the near-great may still profit by what this man has to offer.

Harper & Brothers, who are publishing the book, have had the acumen to charge only one dollar for it. They will probably sell a million copies.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

LINES

By LE BARON COOKE

I put myself to the task
Of writing a poem
For an editor who sought me,
And tho I labored
Far into the night
To put the strength of my ability
Into it,
When it was finished
I had created nothing
But an order,
Which I tore into bits.

The editor has since told my friends
That I do not deserve recognition,
For I am too lazy to work.
And yet here in my desk
A thousand rejected poems
Testify to my industry.

LOVERS' LANE

By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

A little way, a leaping way,
Never a road of common clay,
A-dreaming,
A-streaming
All across the moor!

A liltng lane, a laughing lane,
Made alone for lovers twain,
A-swinging,
A-singing,
All across the moor!

An olden way, a golden way,
Where lad and lass go light and gay,
A-dancing,
Romancing,
All across the moor!

Winged Feet

(Continued from page 17)

The actor has become the man intensified. Mr. Reid's art has taught him to quicken and deepen his own natural feelings and his emotions are always in full tones. The sensitiveness that can gather all the passing impressions must be acutely attuned, and it is indeed a wonder that this *débonair* hero of high-powered romances can keep his winged feet close to common soil.

It was Cecil de Mille who brought Mr. Reid to the Lasky lot to play the romantic Don José to Geraldine Farrar's peppery Carmen, and here he has remained.

"I hero-ed about for some time in cut and dried leading man rôles, you know the kind, all dressed up and as alike as a box of marshmallows," he remarked, stretching his long legs comfortably and lighting a fresh cigaret. "When I howled for a change, they laughed and reminded me that all comedians think they can play Iago while tragedians long to clown. At last, they let me do 'Believe Me, Xantippe,' and now I can't get out of comedy.

"I don't want to be a special type. If your public ever get tired of your screen character, you're done for. Then, too, every actor wants the opportunity to demonstrate his skill in all lines. I step out as a prize-fighter in my next film, 'The Champion.' I spent weeks training for the part, and we made much of it up in the Yosemite.

"I always watch my work from the producer's angle and, believe me, I know this business too well ever to lose my balance, for the higher you climb the farther you have to fall. The fall is inevitable, for everything follows the up and down movement and when I begin to show signs of the down grade I want to go back to directing while my name means something. I hope to rise much higher as a director than I ever have as an actor," he added with simple earnestness.

Before leaving, he took me down the narrow stairs to his "Infernal Regions," fairly purring with delight as he exhibited his laboratory.

"Mrs. Reid is as jealous of this as if it were a woman," he commented, with a broad grin. "When I get started with some experiment, I forget all time. My greatest fun is cooking up tricks for the crowd when they drop in."

On our way thru the house we stepped into the lovely grey living-room, and sliding onto the bench before the grand piano with its pipe organ attachment, Mr. Reid ran his hands lightly over the keys, sending a bit of throbbing melody thru the dusky silence.

"When do you have time to learn all these things?" I asked, aware of his busy days at the studio.

"Guess I began living early and kept right on going," was his answer. "But let me tell you," he added with boyish emphasis, "during my next thirty years I'm going to learn something!"

(Seventy-seven)

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LINES

About the forehead, eyes or mouth are lifted out. Instead of stretching the skin as in massage, Boncilla Beautifier gathers up the loose folds and builds the tissues to plump out the depressions.



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How I Earn \$15 to \$25

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cards at home in my
SPARE TIME

by W. S. Coulthard



To begin with, I had a good job—I have it yet. But I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc.—for I had no hobby—besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the receptive mood I was in when I saw your little ad, "MAKE MONEY AT HOME."

I sent for your free booklet.

I read it.

Your plan looked good to me—your guarantee so liberal—and on investigation I found you were reliable, so I accepted your offer. If others could make money by your plan, I could.

That was less than a year ago.

Now I am earning \$15.00 to \$25.00 a week, each week, writing show cards in my spare time. In addition to this, I still hold my regular job, and my salary has been increased there, too. I believe my spare time work has made me better satisfied with life, and so I'm doing my regular work better.

I have been offered positions writing show cards, but I am not interested, as my present position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is exceedingly attractive. Besides, I find show card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one, as you can well imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for \$70.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, that I feel show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that's when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my clear to finish them—and have to turn down work.

Your system of supplying work to your students has certainly helped me, but sometimes you send too much—I'm only working at it in my spare time, you know. Please note this, and don't try to overload me so much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely,

WM. S. COULTHARD.

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Coulthard. It tells of facts, for Show Card Writing offers a marvellous opportunity to both men and women, either for spare time or full time work. What Mr. Coulthard has done and is doing, you can do. Colbran, Dusenberry, Wendt, Blade, Poulson, Charles, Wright, Babineau and many other men have proven it. Mrs. Litherdale, Mrs. Lush, Mrs. Le Moine and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Girls like Misses MacDonald, Clegg, Bordreau and Hoyle are but a few of those who have bettered their positions in this pleasant way. All these owe their success to the American Show Card School method of training—the old established school which has trained hundreds to make money in SHOW CARDS.

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Yellow Men and Gold

(Continued from page 42)

green and crimson fires at the sun, as she covered her breast and arms with them; but the man and the girl stood silent, motionless, swept from the triumph of their success by an overwhelming tide of awe at the thought of the mighty cataclysm of nature that had spewed this drowned ship from its ocean shroud of ooze to the mountain top.

They were so far from their surroundings that they did not even hear the first spatter of shots in the distance, until Carmen ran to them, livid with terror, and clutched Parrish's arm. "The *Calliope*!" she gasped. "Tom Carroll has come! He'll half kill me for running away from him—"

Jimmy Parrish's face grew grave as he listened. Summoning Jili, an ancient Chinaman, from the crowd of coolies laden with their golden spoil, he told him curtly to stay with the women. "The rest of you make for the boats and carry that stuff back to the *Shantung*!" he directed. "Then row back in one damn muckee hurry, sabe? And bring plenty gun!"

Then drawing his own pistol, with a reassuring wave of his hand to the girls, he ran over the brow of the hill and disappeared in the direction of the firing. Jili, as pale as a yellow man can get, sank down on the chest of golden ewers they had just unearthed. It rattled with his tremors, making a suitable accompaniment for Carmen's hysterical moans. Bessie alone was calm, even scornful. "Suppose they do come?" she asked. "What then? What is there worth fighting over in a few rusty bars of gold?"

Carmen wrung her hands, until the foolish ornaments she had adorned herself with clanked like so many brass kettle lids. "You dont know those men! I tell you they are bad—bad—they will kill me, and as for you"—she laughed horribly—"you will kill yourself if you are wise, before you let them lay hands on you!"

And now to hurry the action to the climax. Got to get in a bit of love-making before the end, too. First a few paragraphs disposing of the villains.

An hour later Parrish, rowing out from under the lee of the *Calliope* from whose port-holes already a few lazy smoke threads of the fire he had set were unraveling on the still sunny air, heard a little cry above him and looked up to see Bessie's face peering down from the window of one of the deck cabins. With hands that blundered in their haste, he swung himself up the dangling rope down which he had just slid and, making his way along the deck, located her cabin and set his shoulder to the door. "I knew you'd come!" Bessie said, laying her head contentedly on his shoulder, as he swung her up in his big arms and ran thru the thickening smoke clouds. "When those dreadful men came and killed poor Jili and carried me down to their boats and out here, I wasn't a bit afraid. I knew you'd come!"

They were in the little boat, bobbing merrily toward the shore when Parrish remembered to ask after Carmen.

"I think she got away from them," Bessie said, a trifle frostily. And then she gave a little cry, pointing toward the boat that was pulling away from the shore, laden to the gunwale with Carroll's men and the heavy ingots of gold they had taken, after a fierce fight, from the Chinamen. Even as they stared, horrified, the men began to quarrel over their spoils, and at the impetus of their gestures and movements the over-laden boat sank beneath them, overturning as it went and dragging its contents of men and gold down to the bottom of the sea. A few ripples widened over the spot where they had disappeared, then the sea grew placid.

"It took an earthquake to carry it to the mountain top," Parrish said in an awed whisper, "and now the greed of men has returned it to where it lay."

They could not guess that even as they spoke, and while the ill-omened *Calliope* reddened the waters with the flames of her pyre, the last two of the lawless company who had set sail on her lay dead in the cabin of the *Shantung*, whither Tom Carroll had followed Carmen and ended her futile, gorgeous life, and his own.

Guess that disposes of everybody. Now for a little love-making to end with. That oughtn't to be very hard for us, eh dear?

"And all for a few pieces of ugly blackish metal!" Bessie mourned, and looking up at the bleached bones pricking the soft blue sky on the hilltop, she shuddered a little and turned her face away. "I should hate to have that gold to spend on myself—it's brought so much cruelty and hate and wickedness and death into the world! But if one spent it for other people—if it bought rest for tired people, and health for sick people and books that everyone could read—"

Watching the small wistful face in its frame of gold that made an aureole such as the masters painted about their young saints' heads, Parrish gave a great laugh of gladness. "How much depends on how little!" he cried with a note of awe. "If I hadn't stumbled over that spotted rock, I would never have found the treasure!"

"The—the—treasure!" said Bessie in rather a flat little voice. "Of course—that's what you came for, isn't it? The treasure—"

He let the oars drift and leaned toward her. "The only treasure that I care about in all the world is *you*! But if I should come any closer—the boat is so darned shallow—I'm afraid it would be sunken treasure!" He cast a tragic look backward toward the shore. "I can tell you that I love you now, but it will be ten minutes before I can kiss you!"

Bessie looked at him shyly. Then she too leaned forward until her fluff of hair almost brushed his cheek. Her words were mischievous, but her eyes were altars lighted holily.

"—have you forgotten—I—I can swim beautifully?"

So Parrish didn't have to wait ten minutes after all.

There! We'll leave 'em in each other's arms! The way the public likes 'em! And I don't blame the public, that's the way I like it myself. If you were here, you little Lady in the Frame—

Well, maybe it won't be so long till you are here! I've got a hunch that this story is going to sell. It's got all the ingredients, and as soon as the check comes, that little slip of blue paper is going to be turned into a little Colonial house on a hill, looking toward the sunrise, and a grandfather's clock and an Airdale puppy and a little plain gold ring to put on your finger, little Heroine!

Mystery—romance—adventure—love! We'll have all of them in our own story—if this yarn sells.

May in California

(Continued from page 25)

grin) "the cop said I was making thirty-two on Vermont Avenue. He was a mean old thing. I smiled at him the best I knew how but it didn't make any impression," she wagged her bobbed head dolefully, then more brightly: "were you ever arrested?"

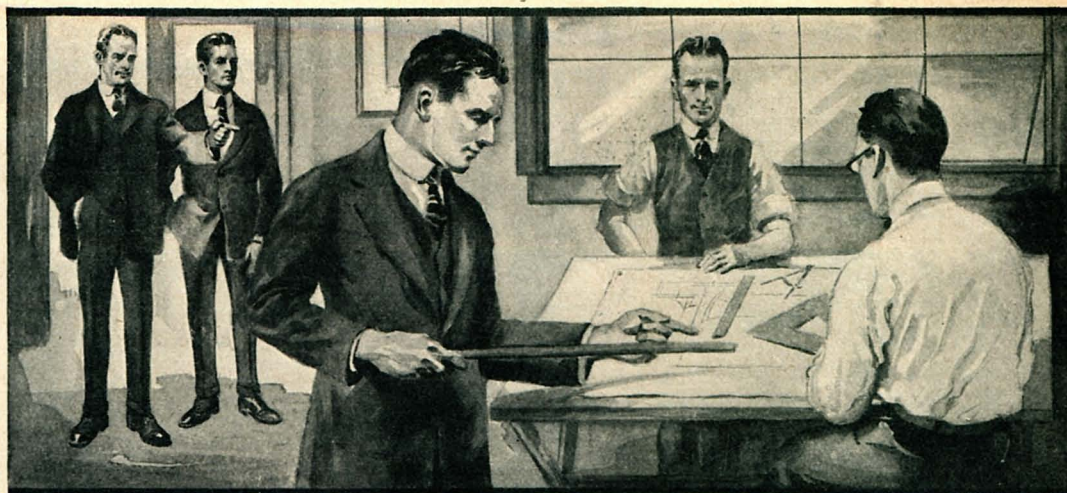
I nodded yes and we became pals from that time on. We agreed that we both preferred the Coconut Grove to dance in, that it must be fun to wear trains on one's gowns, that it was fascinating to write. I was surprised to hear Mae Collins ride my pet hobby.

"I write every spare moment I can find," she told me, "I have had one scenario accepted and I have numerous ideas ready to work out. Always I have wanted to write seriously and some day I'm going to. I don't believe in putting all my eggs in one basket, you know. I may be a huge success in this series Mr. Mayer is producing with me, and I may not"—(wise seventeen)—"I am going to do my best but I am also going to keep on writing."

"Have you been reading any of that new writer, Knut Hamsun's? He is wonderful. I'll read you one of my favorite passages." She drew a volume from a secret recess and read me some beautifully descriptive lines in a clear contralto voice. As she finished, the door flew open and Mary Thurman, as colorful as a ripe pomegranate, and Mae Busch, the personification of an Egyptian cigaret, blew in.

Mary Thurman with her warm graciousness made me feel even more at home than before. She is a sincere soul with the purposeful light of an achieved philosophy in her eyes. The green furniture and her ruddy hair—it belonged, like blossoms on an apple tree.

But Miss Collin's hour of confidences was at an end. She became suddenly formal, the hostess bidding good-bye to a pleasant guest. It was the dinner hour and I departed to the accompaniment of a fanfare of farewells by Fifi—the Pekingese.



"HE GETS \$100 A WEEK"

"Two years ago Evans was out in the shop earning \$18 a week. Now he is my Chief Draftsman.

"One day he came to me and asked for a job in the Drafting Room. When I asked him how he could fit in, he explained that he had taken a Home Study Course in Drafting through the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING, and after showing me some of his work, I put him on.

"I soon realized that he was the best Draftsman I had, and on the first of the year I promoted him to Chief Draftsman at \$100 a week."

One evening two years ago when Evans was working for \$18 a week he read an ad which told him to get out of the "rut" and earn BIG MONEY. He filled out a coupon like the one below and became a COLUMBIA student. His progress is similar to that of thousands of COLUMBIA graduates.

Evans was not an unusual chap. He had just a common school education and no particular mechanical ability. Yet, though he had no previous training or experience in Drafting, he easily mastered the COLUMBIA course. As a matter of fact, Evans is only one of thousands who have been helped to BIG PAY positions through COLUMBIA training. To-day they are expert professional Draftsmen.

The rapid advancement made by this man can be explained by the fact that he got the RIGHT training. Nor did he have to leave home to get it. Through the Home Study Course of the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING he secured practical training

by mail in his spare time. To-day he can tackle any Drafting problem because he knows.

Remember, Evans had only a limited education and average ability, but he succeeded because he grasped his opportunity—the same opportunity you have to win success. You need not be satisfied with a small pay job if you want to earn BIG MONEY.

Will you decide now to win success through COLUMBIA training just as Evans and thousands like him have done? If so, mail this coupon to-day.

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My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 65)

tor in the motion picture business, has just finished "The Masquerader," in which he and the author, Richard Walton Tully, stood arm in arm at the side of the camera and did the directing together, both talking at once.

* * *

Nazimova's "Salome" will be the highest brow American picture ever made. Most of the action takes place in one set, which is very cubist and futurist with wriggly things crawling over the walls. It is one of the things where you say, "Oh, yes; I get the idea; how wonderfully clever"; then you cock your head over at one side and smile in a superior manner and wonder what's it all about. Even Nazimova had to stop the other day and smoke a cigaret in the midst of the martyrdom of John the Baptist, to get back her mental equilibrium.

* * *

Lila Lee will play the feminine lead in "The Dictator." Earle Williams is also playing in a Richard Harding Davis play "Parkington's Widow."

* * *

The league of young ladies in New York who "resolute" with great excitement against using their husband's name instead of their own, has an unwilling recruit. Suing F. Richard Jones for divorce, his wife asserts that the director would not allow her to use his name, but forced her to use her own—Josephine Banks.

* * *

Tia Juana is becoming the Gretna Green of Los Angeles. It is a sleepy little town just across the Mexican lines, where they have revolutions for breakfast and faro for luncheon. Leatrice Joy went there to marry Jack Gilbert, following the example of Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky.

* * *

Guy Bates Post heroically leaped out of a window into a rain storm in his pajamas and chased a burglar for half a block, only to discover that his burglar was the boy with the morning paper trying to find a place to leave it where it would not get wet.

* * *

Famous Players-Lasky officials are concerned with the national celebration of the tenth anniversary of the making of feature film plays. It was ten years ago that Famous Players made their first "feature." Sarah Bernhardt was starred in the title rôle of "Queen Elizabeth." Altho little news is divulged regarding the plans for the celebration, it may be surmised that the great French actress will be prevailed upon to come to Hollywood as the honor guest of the organization, and that besides personal invitations from all the most prominent heads in the film profession, a formal invitation resembling a plea for the "great and glorious presence" of some royal person-

age will be sent Mme. Sarah, signed by all the brightest stars in the film firmament.

* * *

Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, arrived in Los Angeles for the opening of "Foolish Wives" and will be at Universal City for the next two months. Eric von Stroheim, author, director and star of the "\$1,000,000" picture, did not come West with Mr. Laemmle, but was reported to be greatly upset over the manner in which his widely publicized film was received by the public and how the "very life" of its scenes was cut to avoid censorship and to bring the film down to something less than the time required to witness an operatic performance of "Parsifal." The opera requires a sitting time of about five hours, with an hour or two intermission. "Foolish Wives," before it was cut, would have required about an eight-hour sitting and it would hardly have been advisable to allow an intermission. The opening presentation in Los Angeles was witnessed by one of the greatest assemblages of professional talent that ever gathered for a première.

* * *

Some signs of lifting of clouds of depression, which have hung over film production the past six months, have appeared during the past few weeks. Goldwyn studios reopened about March 1, gradually getting new suits into action. They have several new stories by prominent authors in the making. Metro has been plugging along on one large cylinder, the Rex Ingram activities. Rex has started shooting "Black Orchids," which he made once before for Universal, but which is to have a much more elaborate revival. Ramon de Samaniegas and Barbara Le Mar draw the leading rôles in this new production.

Signs are that some of the Metro stars will soon be seen in new pictures. Bert Lytell and Viola Dana, as will be recalled, have been making personal appearance tours, filling in time until their services would be required for the spring sowing.

* * *

Harold Lloyd is going to spring a new one on his public by playing a grandfather. Naturally, in such a rôle, he's bound to retain his specs. They're to be square-cut instead of oval, however, as befits Civil War days. The title of Lloyd's picture is "Grandma's Boy." And, of course, Mildred Davis is leading lady.

* * *

Victor Herbert has been unlifting the movies out in the West with his somewhat elegant melodies. It was quite a feat with Herbert, and seemed to meet with considerable approval from the fans. He was engaged to appear in the

(Continued on page 86)

HAIR NETS 45¢ A DOZEN



THESE daintily strong, full size, invisible nets have a slight imperfection. They would not pass our ultra-severe inspection, so we called them "seconds".

But, they are good, serviceable and wonderfully durable nets—and they are *certainly* worth the 3½¢. apiece we are asking for them!

Lots of women are buying a gross at a time now, after seeing how splendidly Favorite Hair Nets wear and how economically they can be bought.

Buy them by the dozen first and then send in your order quickly for a gross, or as much more as you think you and your friends may need.

All orders will be filled as they are received. The stock is limited, so act quickly.

All colors, cap or fringe.

Send the Coupon

Haven't You Often Said to Yourself

"My, don't I wish I had the money to do as other folks can do. There is Mary Smith with a new fur coat—Dolly Brown has no end of pretty dresses—even Mrs. Peoples, with all her children to do for, and her husband only a salaried man, never seems to worry over having money for extra nice things. I wish I knew how they do it."

Many a time, Miss Dorothy Crane looked with longing eyes at the pretty things possessed by her friends, and which she couldn't then afford to have. But her heart's desires are being realized now all right. Thru a method easily acquired, she earns more than \$40 a week. "And what I like most about your plan," she writes, "is that my time is my own. Some days I work only an hour or two, while on other days, when I'm feeling particularly ambitious, I put in the whole day. I never felt so independent and I am more than satisfied with the money I make."

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YOU CAN be beautiful, fascinating and charming! Once, was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaming French beauties young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which were hidden for centuries. These and many other beauty secrets prepared to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the glow of youth, to make you the center of ardent admiration, and to build your figure as Nature intended, are all exposed in my book, "Confessions of a Beauty Expert."

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Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert-Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Double Exposures

(Continued from page 52)

And we likewise congratulate Mr. Fred J. Balshofer for presenting his new star, Bill Fairbanks.

We're thinking of presenting Norma Chaplin ourselves shortly!

A Southern letter writer wants to know if we ever feel awed while interviewing a star. Never, Clarissa—well, nearly never. The one exception is Mr. Jackie Coogan. Mr. Coogan can certainly make us feel lowly and unnecessary. We always have a lurking fear that he is laughing at us.

But the rest, Clarissa, the rest leave us quite satisfied with ourselves.

Charlie Chaplin's newly published book, "My Trip Abroad," has just come before us and entertains us hugely. Curiously, the book has caught something of the thrill that must have been felt by the comedian when he went back—an idol of all nations—to the teeming end of London, where he had once struggled and starved. As you read, you feel somewhat as he felt when he visited the old haunts and found the same old photograph of the same old music-hall favorite lying dusty in the same old grimy window. We do not know whether or not Mr. Chaplin actually wrote all of the book, but the thing is certainly well done.

One of the interesting incidents is the comedian's account of his meeting with Pola Negri.

It was at the exclusive restaurant, the Palais Heinrich, in Berlin. Charlie was brought to Pola's table. She offered him a bubbling glass of something or other, they clinked goblets and Pola utilized three of her few available English words, "Jazz boy Charlie!"

Charlie was so pleased with Pola that he asked his friends how to say, "I think you are divine" in German. But when Charlie repeated the lines, Pola laughed, slapped his hand and exclaimed "Naughty boy!"

It seems that Charlie hadn't been given exactly the right phrase in German.

CREASES

By MARX G. SABEL

Mary spent the whole afternoon Smoothing creases out of her dresses.

Have you ever seen a picture of the human brain?

That's why I laughed, Knowing Mary so well. It was too funny,

Mary . . . dresses . . . creases . . . brains!

CURIOSITY

By MARX G. SABEL

Marianna, come with me. I know where there is a splendid Pool of muck To push you into.

I want to see if you will look as dainty There As you do here In the sun-parlor.



SWEET SPRING, which comes with violets in her hair and crowns her beauty with the rose, is Nature's symbol for the rebirth of trees, of flowers, of the thousand different living things.

To man, the Spring brings new life, too. But man must sometimes aid Nature in the work of rejuvenation.

You will find in Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) an ideal vegetable Spring Tonic and corrective, which will aid in relieving the tired out feeling, constipation, biliousness, headaches and other distressing symptoms which come after the inactivity and sluggishness of winter.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than a laxative. It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new. NR Tablets are companions of the Spring.

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(Eighty-two)

If You Dont Weaken

(Continued from page 37)

is probably what Walsh's "business" will be after he has quit the screen.

And what makes me like Walsh is the fact that he looks at issues squarely. He doesn't try to avoid them. He's happy now that he is sufficiently popular to be a star, yet he doesn't expect to remain a star until he's ninety.

I asked him if he uses a double for his stunts. Naturally I am skeptical, having seen any number of stars' "doubles" around the different studios.

"A double doesn't work in my case," he remarked. "I wish one would, because I could save myself innumerable accidents. But I can't seem to find a double I can work with. Hence I have to do my own stunts."

Many accidents have punctuated his career. Both his arms have been broken. A broken rib punctured his liver once. Not long ago, in New York, when he was running in a scene, he slipped on the ice and fell, hurting himself terribly and putting himself in the hospital for several weeks. It's a great life—if you dont weaken.

"Success doesn't come to anybody without a score of hard knocks," he ruminated. "I'm perfectly willing to take my full share of the bumps and bangs, because I am trying to do the best I can in my own way."

"But dont you think that this athletic stuff hinders your possibility of real acting?" I inquired blandly.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but if they'll give me a chance to act, I think I can do it. In fact, I'm just conceited enough to think I know how to act. It's much easier to act than to do athletics. At any rate, you dont have to keep in training all the time merely to be an actor."

And train he does, he says. No night parties on the gleaming rialto of Hollywood; no loss of sleep. He can do almost anything better, he says, than lose sleep. His one dissipation is dancing on Saturday nights in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel.

At present Walsh is being starred in a serialization of the famous Stanley Expedition in Africa. When I saw him he was in his make-up on the "set," at Universal City—a replica of an African village, replete with smoke pots and perspiring negroes, guns and ammunition.

By the amount of atmosphere rampant on the "set," I conclude that "With Stanley in Africa" will be something different in photodramatics.

It was because he wanted a between-season rest from baseball that he came West to see his brother, R. A. Walsh, the director, who was making pictures with the old-time Reliance company. He was offered a part in a production then, and has remained on the screen. Fox presented him as a star in such plays as "The Beast," "From Now On," "Help, Help, Police," "The Winning Stroke" and others, and he was recently co-starred with Miriam Cooper in "Serenade."



Posed by Wanda Hawley, a Paramount-Artcraft motion picture star. Miss Hawley is one of many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—*what of your complexion?* Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallow skin?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up," revitalize, the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly Ingram's Milkweed Cream soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny eruptions. Used on the hands it protects against the coarsening effects of garden work or household tasks.

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Dorothy Relents

(Continued from page 21)



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not have happy endings. "That's a fact," she said, "I never have been able to understand it. They are received over here with open arms and a warm embrace; but if we try to make pictures with the same kind of endings, they will not have it."

Miss Dalton was so candid about pictures that I asked her bluntly if she did not like the stage better. Last year I saw her in "Aphrodite," wearing a blond wig and a few other widely scattered articles of attire.

She considered the design on the rug for a while. "Well," she said, looking up to give the verdict. "In some ways I do and in others I don't. There are some ways that I like the speaking stage better. It carries the story right thru from one end to the other. It is awfully confusing in pictures. You get divorced first; then you get married. You are proposed to a couple of days after your wedding. Your beloved child sickens and dies before he is born. Your husband is killed and leaves you a widow before you are married to him. Do you get the idea; for mechanical reasons, they take everything, all higgledy-piggledy; the first part last and the middle first. On the stage, you can drive right on thru the story from the beginning and feel it build in your hands. There is one other advantage to the stage; it is not so mechanical. In pictures when you are kneeling at the feet of the cruel tyrant, begging for the life of your husband, the director suddenly stops the camera and says, 'Wait, Miss Dalton; you are leaning too far back and getting out of focus.'

"You have to enter by certain doors to make the scene fit into another scene he is going to take and so on.

"On the other hand, the great advantage of pictures is that you only have to work up once to a height of emotion. On the stage you have to go thru the same agonies night after night. On the screen, you can give your whole self to one great effort; and there it remains for all time."

Whereupon we suddenly asked her why people are not going to pictures as they used to. "Is the art petering out?"

"I am going to give you another laugh," she said. "I admit what you say and I have a very simple explanation of it: no reserved seats.

"It is really a lot of trouble getting into a good movie house. Unless you want to lose your dinner and gallop down before the lights are lit, you have to stand in line. Then half your party gets in and the other half gets shut out and you don't know whether to wait or go in and while you are deciding some one else gets the seats. After you get in, half the crowd wants to sit down front the other half wants to sit in the rear. And oh . . ." She threw up her hands in despair.

"Do you think it will ever come to the point that the public will not demand that the fair heroine have all the 'sympathy' of the piece?"

"I know what you mean, but you're all wrong," said Dorothy with a laugh. "It is certainly a fact. For instance, I am making a picture now called 'The Cat Who Walked Alone,' where a woman sacrifices herself and makes herself an outcast to protect her sister's name. Now all she would have had to do at any stage of the game was to have told the whole story frankly to her husband; which is just what she would have done in real life—and there wouldn't have been any story.

"But you never can change it; and furthermore it ought not to be changed. You are hitting on a big fundamental fact, my dear man. It is this: when she goes to a picture, every girl sees herself on the screen. When she sees me in the arms of my screen lover she does not really see me at all; she sees herself. To the extent that we help them to see themselves on the screen, we succeed and really do good in the world. Don't forget that. No young girl of seventeen wants to see life as it is; she wants to see life as she wishes it were. And every girl of seventy is the same way. None of us want to look on life in its literal dullness and hopelessness . . ."

"And its income taxes," I suggested.

"Yes," said Dorothy suddenly changing the subject. "It's an awful outrage. The income tax is a crime. It is absolutely unjust. It is robbery in so far as it concerns the woman trying to make a career in this profession.

"Suppose I can turn my ability to earn five million dollars. Take the case of a man who can sell groceries; we will say he can also earn during his life time just five million dollars. His earning time is spread over the period of his whole life and the Government takes only a small part of his money. On the other hand, my earning time is short. I must crowd it into a very few years. It must come in such large lumps that the Government will probably take more than half of it. The result is that the grocer loses only a fraction of what I have lost to the Government."

Her face suddenly saddened. "You don't know how pitifully short the life of a professional woman is or how slender the foundation upon which her career depends—a little accident to the face . . . How many years are left to me—perhaps three; perhaps five. It is just a flash and it is gone. We have only one sun-shiny day for our hay-making, and we find the tax collector taking half the hay away from us as we rush frantically to the task. It is disheartening."

And we took our leave, she sighed and walked back to the little desk where the income tax blank lay. . . .

A Rose-Cut Diamond

(Continued from page 19)

time I stepped out on Broadway. Now, if anyone cares to know it, I have found that a good dose of soap mixed with water is all I need."

I think this is part of the metamorphosis thru which Pauline has passed since she has taken up her residence in the very-far-West. In her New York stage days, she was a flower of the Ritz, a Broadway maid of silks and satins, face lotions and limousines. Now she is a prairie chicken, if I may be so bold as to say it. She rides astride to the studio of a morning, with a tri-corner patent leather hat atop her chestnut hair and large gauntlets covering her tapering fingers, which by the way, are as expressive as those of Bernhardt's.

Speaking of Bernhardt, reminds me that at this time Miss Frederick is absorbed with thoughts of Duse, Rejane and the great French woman already mentioned, chiefly because she has engaged Madame de Gresac to write a story for her.

And here is a secret—this same Madame de Gresac, who wrote "The Marriage of Kitty" and dozens of other successes, is fashioning a stage play for Pauline which will very likely bring the Frederick back to the spoken drama!

Pauline Frederick feels the foreign influence very keenly, despite the fact that she herself was born in Boston. You'd never think it to meet her, tho. She is Latin in temperament, which means that she vibrates with animation and emotion, and even her tawny complexion, free of *poudre de riz*, her mobile lips, and the cameo-like oval of her face, give a Latin cast to her features which make her an exotic of America, an orchid woman in a field of lily girls. She admires Duse and Rejane with a passion which is almost overwhelming, and this admiration has been intensified by her friendship with Madame de Gresac. I think it will show in her pictures of the future. She feels emotions as a Latin feels them.

In picturizing Locke's "Glory of Clementina," Miss Frederick has refused to doll up for the introductory shots, regardless of the wishes of her scenario department.

"Clementina was written into a story by a man who knew what he was about, and I am not going to change her," she said.

"If Mr. Locke made Clementina a frowzy woman, until her great awakening came, then I am going to play her as a frowzy woman. If she rolled her own cigarets, then I am going to roll cigarets."

"But what about the Public?" I asked, in a hushed tone, for it is well known that every star hates to have her dear, deadly Public think she even knows what a cigaret looks like.

"This cigaret aversion belongs to an age long, long past," responded the Frederick, watching a thin column of smoke curling from a dying butt in the ash tray

on the mahogany desk. "It is no longer a secret that women smoke, and if Clementina, or any other character I am playing, happens to smoke, then I am not going to wipe this vital characteristic out of her life in one full swoop."

Miss Frederick, perhaps more than almost any American actress with the exception of Minnie Maddern Fiske, has to *feel* a part before she can play it. In "The Lure of Jade" she felt the character she was playing so keenly that her portrayal of the "farewell" scenes in the South Sea dive set the camera-men, light boys and general hangers-on at the studio to crying like little boys.

"Do you 'live' every part you play, even when you are away from the studio?" I probed, recalling that several of our screen luminaries have confessed that they simply must "live" their rôles all the time or they slip up on their characterization when they come back for a day's work.

"I should say not!" she exclaimed, tugging madly at her hat. "I would be worn out in a week if I took the troubles of my characters home with me. Imagine living the rôle of 'Madame X,' for ten weeks! I would be drooping around the house all the time like a fading morning-glory, or continually smashing furniture if I lived some of my characters at home.

"Can you imagine 'Madame X' wearing cow-puncher chaps? I cant, and yet that is what she would have been doing if I had 'lived' her all the time I was making that picture. Nor can I live the rôle of Clementina all the time, now that I am starting her characterization. I would think I was a pretty poor actress if I had to live a character in order to portray it."

And the heart of Pauline Frederick! It must be as big as a rooming-house—not because of her rather conspicuous marriages—but because of the space in it for the poor and needy.

There was a little rain-bedraggled circus—a Mexican circus—trying to lure crowds under its near-big "top" down at the corner near the studio, in a vacant lot. The manager had offered its performances to the Children's Home Society for a benefit. Miss Frederick heard of it, and sent a messenger to say that she would round up some of her cow-puncher friends and come over to stage some roping stunts! Can you tie that for thoughtfulness and simple generosity? Of course the success of the circus was assured, and the homeless waifs of the West will get their homes.

Now, glancing back over what I have written of our chat that day, in the dim lighted studio office, I realize that it is all very disconnected, but that is the way of a chat with this master feminine mind of the screen—it is as volatile as the scent of a sweet perfume, played with by a summer breeze. And therein lies a part of the secret of her charm!



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ALLEN ART STUDIOS

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Alo Studios

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 80)

leading First National theater in Los Angeles.

Considerable temptation was held out to him to become interested in setting music to the films and to open a comic opera theater in California, but at latest reports the affable Victor hadn't succumbed.

* * *

Buster Keaton breaks loose occasionally. He recently did so at the Ambassador hotel, with the aid of Maurice the dancer, and Will Morrisey. Buster, you know, is quite a cut-up, and does it all impromptu as a rule. In the army he had a reputation for keeping the boys entertained all the time, and was a regular performer in overseas show. At the Ambassador, Maurice called on Keaton for a show quite unexpectedly. Buster edged Morrisey into the game, and together they kept the guests amused for all of half an hour. There aren't many comedians on the screen who are such good sports as the Keaton. He might hate the personal appearance stuff, and probably does, but he wouldn't let anybody know it.

* * *

Somebody started a wild rumor about an engagement between George Walsh and Estelle Taylor a short time ago. Dates and everything were announced. But apparently the news was somewhat premature, as to all intents and purposes Mr. Walsh is not released from the bonds of matrimony which hold him to Seena Owen. Mr. Walsh and Miss Owen have been separated for several years, but their domestic difficulties have never been decided one way or the other in the divorce courts.

* * *

A family reunion has taken place in the Vidor's lives. Which is to say that Florence is once more appearing under the direction of her husband, King Vidor. An arrangement has been effected by Mr. Vidor for the release of his pictures thru Associated Exhibitors, this being one of the reasons for the new alliance. Her first film with her husband directing is "The Real Adventure," in working title, and Clyde Fillmore is to play opposite.

* * *

All Chaplin activities have lately been centered in features, with Charlie functioning chiefly as supervisor. The Edna Purviance starring picture, an unusual but long-promised departure from routine, has been filming for some little time. The capitalistic Syd Chaplin may also be seen on the screen in the near future in a feature play. Charlie Chaplin is by this time finishing his last two-reel comedy on First National contract. Which means, according to previous announcements, that he will be working for United Artists now.

* * *

David Powell will shortly be seen as

Gloria Swanson's leading man. Mr. Powell has heretofore played almost exclusively in the eastern film studios. He was over in Europe for a while, working under the direction of John S. Robertson, and his arrival on the Coast was something of an event. The first picture in which he is scheduled to act opposite Gloria is "The Gilded Cage," adapted from the stage play known to the East as "The Lovely Dream."

* * *

Priscilla Dean, Universal star, is vacationing, and Frank Mayo, Gladys Walton and Marie Prevost, other Universalites, are making personal appearances with their pictures thruout the States.

* * *

William Russell, Fox star, is hard at work after his New York trip, but manages to be seen many an evening with Helen Ferguson.

* * *

Tom Mix, swinger of the wickedest lasso and probably the best horseback rider in the films, is the very proud father of a daughter named, of course, Thomasina Mix. It's a proud father who so highly anticipates the event of an arrival in the family that he has announcement cards engraved with the prospective name of both a girl and a boy, ready to be mailed right on the dot. That's what Tom did anyway. Several hundred cards were engraved announcing the arrival of a "daughter—named Thomasina" and a like number announcing a son—named "Thomas, Jr." Think of all the money gone to waste just because the Mixes didn't have twins!

* * *

Now another famous "star" has left for a personal appearance tour. It's "Teddy," Mack Sennett's famous dog. Louise Fazenda made Teddy famous. Remember how he would always save her from drowning by pulling her out of the water by the seat of the funny pink "snookie" costume? (Maybe that's how the name of a certain piece of milady's lingerie originated.) At any rate, Teddy has gone on tour and his act is ten minutes long, he works alone and undirected.

SAILOR'S SONG

By POWER DALTON

Oh, I must take to sea again,
And I must go today—
For there are lips that crave a kiss,
And eyes that say me nay.

I would not play the pirate's part,
And seize the love I may
From lips that offer Heaven,
And eyes that say me nay.

So, I will take to sea again,
But tho I go away,
My heart will stay with lips that beg—
And eyes that say me nay!

(Eighty-six)



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An Immoderate Ambition

(Continued from page 63)

Of course, she was too young to sign a contract, and so her mother signed it for her. That was five years ago, and if she is nineteen now, as they claim at Robertson-Cole, then she certainly was an infant in those days!

Seven months of married life have made a philosopher of Doris. "Men are messy—I've found that out," she said, pulling the grey poke-bonnet, with its jazzy pom-pom, a little lower over her sparkling eyes, which sparkled despite the deepening shadows and the shaded lights. "So I've decided to give Wallace a den for his very own in the new house. He is furnishing it himself, and I'm just shutting my eyes and pretending I don't care how it looks. And it's going to look awful! But I have a room which is my very own, so we are even, only I'm not so messy as he is. He loves to have things all scattered about, so I'm going to let him do it."

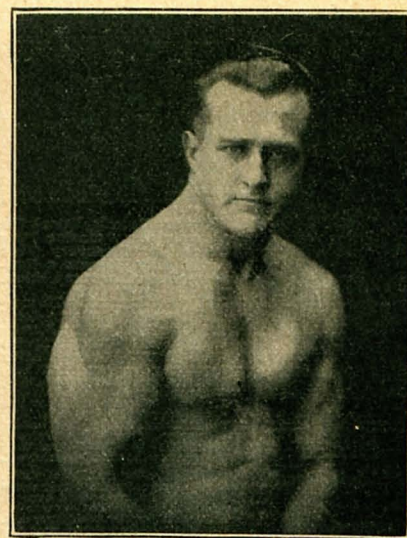
Her philosophic strain extends also to finances, and this is unusual in a screen star so young at starring. Usually I have found them with holes in their shoes at the end of the first year. Not for Doris! She did not come from a family which was overburdened with filthy lucre, and she knows the value of coin of the realm.

"Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride it to death!" she exclaimed, as she bewailed the fact that she couldn't find an over-stuffed davenport that she would "even look at" for less than three hundred and fifty dollars!

"Almost a day's salary!" I muttered, biting my reportorial pencil, which I carry to scare picture players with.

If the Wallace MacDonald-Doris May ark of matrimony should go on the rocks, they will both sink together. Never in all Hollywood was there a couple so devoted as this. He couldn't stay out of the room whilst wifie was being interviewed. We held sort of a reception during our chat. First the director would pop in to see that all was going well, and then Wallace would saunter in, like Little Nemo, puffing on a long stogie, which made wifie's eyes water and procured hubby banishment. They will be clinging to the ark, hand-in-hand, for, in all their seven months of wedded bliss, they have been separated scarcely thirty minutes! As we exited into the dusk of the late afternoon, I was drawn aside by this pair of love-birds—my hands in both theirs!—and told the long-suppressed secret of their courtship. Listen, and you, too, shall hear:

They met at eight-twenty o'clock of a windy evening—March eleventh, to be exact, as they are. They became engaged on a rainy Christmas Eve, at nine o'clock—or a minute and a half after. They were married at five o'clock of a May morning—the fifth of May—which was Wallace's birthday. They tell it all with bated breath, for it is, to them, the last and greatest wonder of the universe.



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A Rebuilt Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow strong. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old backbone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. You're whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you're only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world. This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come, then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

Send for My Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of large size photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—absolutely free. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

DEPT. 1805 309 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1805, 309 Broadway, New York

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Marie Franzán Tells Secret of Making Your Skin Beautiful



**Famous Beauty Specialist
Reveals the Amazing New
Scientific Discovery That
Gives Any Woman a Rad-
iantly Beautiful Complexion.**

It meant a great deal to me—this new discovery—for I knew that, at last, Science had found the secret of a perfect, beautiful complexion for every woman. You too, doubtless, have felt that sometime, some expert would realize that each skin was basically different and would discover a treatment that would bring out all the natural beauty of your own skin, a treatment especially formulated for your type of skin. Now, at last you can have it.

Scientists, after months of study, have discovered the fundamental difference between each type of skin, and have worked out wonderful treatments for each type; each treatment is formulated upon the physiological peculiarities of your skin. So now, regardless of the present condition of your skin, you can have the charm of a radiantly beautiful complexion and a soft and velvety skin.

How This Was Tested
I've watched hundreds of tests of this wonderful discovery, on women especially chosen for their poor complexions. The results were amazing! Flaky, dry skins have become smooth and soft; oily, pigmented complexions have been transformed into velvety, fine-textured skins. At last was found the long-hidden secret of quickly making any skin beautiful—regardless of its type or its present condition!

Make This Test

This newly discovered treatment for each type of skin may now be had in a combination set which includes a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the wonderful Beauty Secret, together with an interesting booklet that tells all about the three types of skin and their care. Now, for the price of one beauty treatment, you can have a whole month's treatment for your special type of skin.

Send No Money

Don't send a penny. Mail the coupon today and pay the postman only \$2.00 for this wonderful treatment. If, after 5 days use, you do not see a remarkable improvement in your complexion, your money will instantly be refunded. But send the coupon today and I will give you your personal attention.

MARIE FRANZÁN

THE LUXTONE COMPANY, Department 145
2703 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE LUXTONE COMPANY, Department 145
2703 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I would like to try the special treatment for my type of skin. Send me the Luxtone Beauty Combination. Also booklet on Complexion Correction. I will pay the postman \$2.00 on arrival. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied after 5 days' trial.

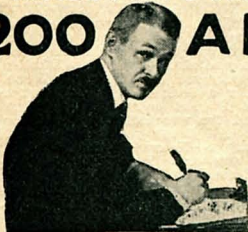
For ☐ Oily ☐ Dry ☐ Normal
(Please check your type of skin)

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Address _____

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FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.

527 Federal Schools Building Minneapolis, Minn.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 49)

pictures, makes a mild and placid slave girl. Paul Wegener seems almost comic as the rival king of the Ethiopians and Harry Liedtke plays the lover after the manner of the lately eminent Francis X. Bushman. Lyda Salomonova is insinuatingly interesting in her brief appearances as the Ethiopian princess.

"The Loves of Pharaoh" reveals that Lubitsch has acquired dexterity but lost spontaneity. However, all the critics who roasted all the early—and highly worthy—Lubitsch productions have been greatly enthusiastic over the Egyptian opus, now that they feel it is fairly safe to praise a German film. So you never can tell. At least it is hundreds of miles in advance of history as done over here à la Fox's "The Queen of Sheba."

Right here we want to beg you to see Will Rogers in that delightful celluloid oddity, "One Glorious Day" (Paramount), revolving around a disconsolate wandering spirit, one Ek, who slips from the celestial regions æons before his temporal body has been prepared for him and wanders the earth.

That is, he wanders until Ezra Botts, a drab little professor who dabbles in spiritualism, tried to migrate his spirit from his body. Whereupon Ek slips into the body of Professor Botts and immediately there is the devil to pay.

Botts is a meek, shy man who has never sensed the love of his housekeeper's pretty daughter, languishing outside his study. And he has been the tool of politicians who have run him for mayor, knowing they can work their will upon him. Botts—with Ek inside—solves all these problems with crashing speed. Before Ek departs back to the celestial realms, the professor has acquired a Doug Fairbanks reputation which wins him the girl, the mayoralty, and crushes the astonished political gang.

All this is admirably directed by James Cruze and related with such high spirits—no pun intended—that it is one of those rare and far between cinema delights. Will Rogers gives a finely drawn and screamingly differentiated performance of Botts both with and without the mischievous spirit of Ek. And Ek is himself realized wherever necessary by clever double exposure camera work plus John Fox, who does the wandering spirit deliciously. Lila Lee is excellent in her melting moods as the lovelorn lass who longs for the professor.

We guarantee that you will find "One Glorious Day" to be decidedly different.

While "Smilin' Through" (First National), Norma Talmadge's newest vehicle, does not interest us particularly, we can easily see where the effort will probably meet popular favor. It is full of sobs and sentiment, or rather the sort of thing that masquerades as sentiment in the average mind.

"Smilin' Through" was played by Jane Cowl on the stage, where it was rated as a sugar-coated effort to interpret spiritualism in terms of box-office success.

(Continued on page 92)



Edith Roberts, popular Paramount Film Star, favors Garda Face Powder

WORDS cannot describe the wonderful, new fragrance—the soft, clinging quality—of Garda Face Powder, so we are letting Garda tell its own story in a dainty One-Week Sample. Request this free sample today. There's a fresh, clean puff with every box of

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Garda Toilet Requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer is a business person of integrity—it pays you to patronize him. He saves you time and money. He brings you real Watkins Products, known for quality throughout 54 years and used by more than 20 million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

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complexion when blotches,
roughness, redness
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Alice's Adventures in Beautyland

is the title of a remarkably interesting series of articles, written *exclusively* for **BEAUTY**. These articles will record the actual experiences of *Alice Lowell*, a young and rather plain-looking Western girl, who, by placing herself in the hands of various beauty and health specialists was able to transform herself into a very attractive woman. The first article of the series, which begins in the MAY issue, tells how Miss Lowell began to develop her figure thru the aid of a famous health culturist.

Other Features of Especial Note Will Be:

A beautifully illustrated article on wigs, entitled **"'Tis Fair But False,"** by *Harriet Works Corley*.

"The Use and Abuse of Cold Cream," being a very scientific and illuminating article, by *Corliss Palmer*.

The first instalment of a series from the pen of *Frank Waller Allen*, distinguished author and lecturer, entitled **"What Beauty Does."**

"More Than Skin Deep," one of *Montanye Perry's* delightful stories.

An interview intime with Camille. Another one of the imaginary conversations by *Glady's Hall* and *Dorothy Donnell Calhoun*.

In addition there will be the usual special departments: The Beauty Box; the Fashion Review; and many short, profitable articles for the benefit of the woman who is seeking Beauty.

Beauty for May

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Wear a National Bob

The woman who is "up-to-the-minute" from head to foot, appreciates the rare comfort and charm of our youthful "National Bob."

Since fashion decreed "Bobbed Hair" there was a "National" demand for the "bobbed" effect—especially from the woman who hesitated to cut her own hair.

HOW TO ORDER

Just send strand of your hair, and \$10.00, and we ship your "National Bob" immediately. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Send for FREE catalog
National Hair Nets

Ask your dealer, or send 65 cents for Boudoir Box of 6. Guaranteed perfect, extra size. State color and style (cap or fringe.)

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Dept. 35 368 Sixth Ave., New York



BEAD YOUR EYELASHES
Blu-Rouge the Eyelids

NO woman is more beautiful than her eyes. You can have radiant, lovely eyes with the fascinating lure of romance. If you use POIRIER EYELASH CREME, perfumed and greaseless, applied with the patented Poirier Eyelash Beader. Makes eyelashes appear silky and luxuriant, will not smart or inflame the eyes or break the lashes.

or send \$1 for a beautiful FRENCH IVORY POIRIER COMPLETE EYE MAKE-UP SET, which includes EYELASH BEADER, box EYELASH EYEBROW CREME, box EYELID BLU-ROUGE and dainty BRUSH and MIRROR. Full instructions. Mention color of hair.

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12 poses by charming models that are new and unusually attractive. Actual, full sized photos. \$1 for the set, or 50 different for \$3. Studies from Life, 8x10 size, 6 for \$3, 12 for \$5. The finest nude studies ever photographed.

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Have a beautiful, healthy complexion. Don't let unsightly blemishes hide the real beauty of your skin. Use

Prof. I. Hubert's MALVINA CREAM

You'll be surprised at the results. Best when used with Malvina Lotion and Malvina Ichthol Soap. Sold everywhere. Cream, 60c. Lotion, 60c. Soap, 30c. Postpaid on receipt of money order. Write for free booklet with story "She Won a Husband" and beauty hints and helps. **AGENTS WANTED.**

PROF. I. HUBERT, Dept. 752, Toledo, Ohio

Booklet of Beauty Hints Sent FREE

AGENTS WANTED

An Apostle of the Human Touch

(Continued from page 61)

Hearts.' I made a personal appearance tour last year, meeting exhibitors and talking in theaters, churches and clubs; really enjoying every minute of the trip.

"We had a wonderful time in Europe. Mrs. Washburn and I flew across the Channel in an aeroplane from London to Paris, and, while I've done some flying, and so has Mrs. Washburn, that was our most thrilling trip. The scenes for 'The Road to London' were all made against old historical backgrounds, and we really had some very lovely photography."

Mrs. Washburn is a non-professional, tho so many people have asked her why she didn't work with her husband, that she and Bryant are seriously considering a series of domestic comedy-dramas, something after the fashion of those formerly made by the Sydney Drews. Mrs. Washburn is very beautiful. Her thick, curly hair is a rich auburn. She is small—about five feet two or three—and her eyes are deep enough in shade to photograph perfectly. There is about her appearance a sweet wholesomeness which, tests have shown, reproduces perfectly on the screen.

Their home is one of the loveliest in Hollywood. It has been said that people always put something of themselves into the houses they inhabit. If this is so, the Washburns are revealed as, first of all, real, with no bluff nor affectations about them. From the broad front porch of brick, with its big, substantial chairs, to the big bedrooms upstairs, every piece of furniture seems to have been designed for comfort as well as ornament. In the living-room, a piano and a period phonograph give evidence of a love for beauty and music, while the books on the library table tell their own story.

Bryant Washburn believes that the finest stories and the best pictures are those dealing in a wholesome way with the simple, everyday things of life, interpreting them so that people may laugh at the little troubles that sometimes seem so serious, and remembering that happiness is as great an emotion as sorrow.

"I've played a little bit of everything," he said, speaking of his experience on the stage and screen. "I was a character actor before I was a leading man, and I've played Chinese, Negro, 'boob,' English and Swede stuff, with anything else that happened to come along. Now, I believe that the public has grown tired of spectacles and wants the simple stories of everyday life. My best story—the best picture I ever made—was 'Skinner's Dress Suit,' and, while I was touring the country, I found that the public had not forgotten it. 'Skinner's Dress Suit' was popular because there is a little bit of Skinner in all of us; we've all been thru something of the same experience.

"I've said right along that I didn't expect to succeed in life until I was thirty-five, and I'm thirty-two now, so I have three years to go. Success is not real until it has a solid foundation, and I believe that thirty-five is the earliest age at which a man can lay claim to real experience in life."

FLESH REDUCED

Externally

Safe—Sure—Harmless
Reduce your superfluous flesh
Externally through your daily bath
with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

The One and Only external reducer, Safe and Harmless. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epson salts or harmful ingredient. No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, \$3.00, Postpaid

If your druggist cannot supply you send \$3.00 (\$4.00 in Canada) direct to
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Why Let Your Beauty Fade?

A Skin Preserved at Twenty is a Skin Still Fine at Fifty!

THERE is not one of us who wants to look old. By old, I mean a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. We do not want them, nor do we need to have them. These enemies begin to come in the twenties unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, their tendency is to grow worse daily. Don't wait too long; don't give them time to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

BEAUTY LOTION

It is a remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoic, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

Aid Nature and Defy Age
Fine Skin is Better Than Fine Clothes

Apply Beauty Lotion every night and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing astringent effect, and will make your skin smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

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FREE Diamond Ring Offer

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

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Dept. 320 Masonic Temple, Chicago

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

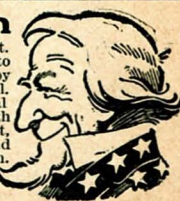
I know because I was Deaf and Had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

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and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$20.00 to \$200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. **Landon Picture Charts** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.

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Depression, Pessimism and the Photoplay

(Continued from page 26)

can girls and Wallie Reid's tuxedo the ultimate aim of our American youth. Success in life means an ornate boudoir, a huge bathing pool and a retinue of decorative servants at one's beck and call in a house of lavish marble and tapestry. But we digress.

"How do you see the future of our pictures?" we next asked Mr. Zukor.

"We have passed the experimental stage," responded the magnate. "We no longer need to venture in film making. We need now to stabilize our business—and that is taking place already."

"You mean by the selection of Will Hays as the leader of the industry?"

"The selection of Mr. Hays is a fine thing. He will head our chamber of commerce and vastly aid us in organizing."

"What will Mr. Hays's exact duties be? Will he cut down the number of distribution systems, the biggest item of overhead expenses?"

"We cannot cut down distribution systems. It stands to reason that one big releasing system would not give our products so satisfactory a handling as our own individual system. So it would be with all the companies. We must sell our own products ourselves."

"You see no general cutting of expenses then?"

"No radical cuts are possible. It is not feasible to produce good pictures cheaper than we do. Of course, we will see to it that they do not cost more. But the handling overhead cannot be reduced."

"Then there will be no reduction in admission prices?"

"No reduction is possible," replied Mr. Zukor.

"Do you think that people can afford to pay the present prices?" we asked, pressing the point.

"Yes, as fast as general business conditions readjust themselves. In other words, as fast as the conditions of the country permit them to spend money."

"Please sum up the general state of the photoplay," we went on.

"There is no cause for pessimism," said Mr. Zukor. "We are passing thru the same thing that all phases of business are passing thru. Our photoplay is healthy. There is no public reaction against pictures—not the slightest indication of it. Pictures are as popular in every way as they ever were. We merely need to sit tight, readjust our business methods to sanity—and await the coming of national prosperity, or at least the coming of a normal state of business. Above all, we must have enough faith not to fall into the slough of pessimism."

Things are never masterpieces when they first appear; they become masterpieces afterwards.

Progress is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it move, but after a moment we see that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.

(Next page)

You Can Play the Hawaiian Guitar
Just Like the Hawaiians!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

OUR STUDENTS SAY

241 E. Sharpnack St.,
Gtn. Phila., November 6, 1921.
First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music,
Dear Sir:—

I received my guitar and first lesson and am very much pleased with it, and its fine appearance and tone. I have learned how to tune it and am getting along fine with the lessons, and can hardly wait for my next lesson. Your method is very simple; it is great for all beginners. I must say it is better than personal teaching.

Thanking you very much for the enrollment blank, I gave your enrollment blank to my friend and he said he will send it and the money order for ten dollars for your violin course.

Yours truly,
Milton H. Johnson.

October 1st, 1921.
Krester School,
314 So. Franklin St.,
Chicago, Ill.

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.

I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and if he does not phone in a day, or so, will write him. Am sending a letter to Miss Helen Slavik today which I think may help to secure her enrollment, and I shall be glad at any time to write a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.

Your former student,
W. L. Walker.

Vinton, Iowa, 10-7.

Dear Sir:—
Received picks and first lesson September 29th. Sure was surprised how much I learned first lesson. Wishing you the best of success with your course. I am,
Respectfully yours,
Van Wright,
Mgr. Western Union, Vinton, Ia.

Our improved method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it. Thousands of successful students prove this to be true.

ONLY 4 MOTIONS We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four, and you acquire these in a very few minutes. Then it is only a matter of a little practice to acquire the weird, fascinating, tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Just think of it. 52 lessons on this wonderful guitar. You get a beautiful large sized genuine Hawaiian Guitar absolutely free as soon as you enroll for the lessons. All the necessary picks, the steel playing bar and 52 pieces of music are included without cost to you.

Special Arrangements for Lessons if You Have Your Own Guitar

Play Any Music

In half an hour after you get the free Hawaiian Guitar and the first lesson, you can play Hawaiian Melodies.

In a very short time after a little practice you can play any kind of music as well as Hawaiian, both the melody and accompaniment.

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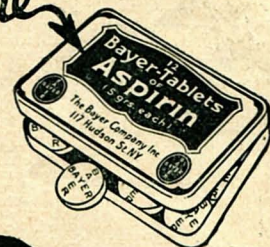
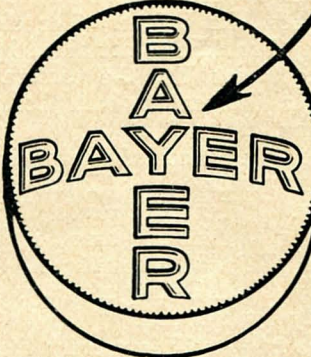
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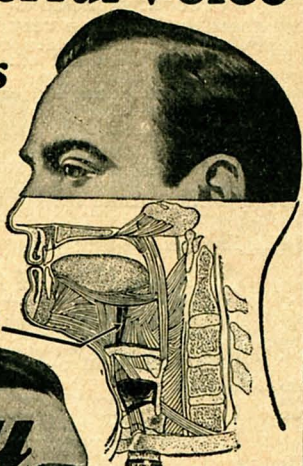
If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are many inferior imitations, but the ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL and ONLY comfortable adjuster, highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self adjustable—no screws. No metal parts. Gentle, porous, firm and perfectly comfortable. Write today for FREE book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank to us and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.

THE ANITA COMPANY, 829 Telephone Bldg., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice

Caruso's
Throat
and
Yours

The Hyo-Glossus
(Singing) Muscle



The Hyo-Glossus
(Singing) Muscle

Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

Your voice can be improved 100%

A few very unfortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to develop his Hyo-Glossus muscle before his voice was perfect. You can develop a beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glossus muscle is strengthened by correct training. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home. The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Grand Opera Stars His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training. You do not know the possibilities of your voice. If you want to sing—but lack the proper training because you have not the time nor means to study—here is your chance. You can now train your voice at a very small cost in the privacy of your own home.

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Prof. Feuchtinger's Book FREE

You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Enter Your World." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

---Singing ---Speaking ---Stammering ---Weak Voice

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 88)

Written by Miss Cowl herself and by Jane Murfin, it achieved a good measure of popularity. The screen version, however, is not quite so successful.

It is another variation of the beautiful ward and the elderly guardian tale; this time the ward falling in love with the son of the very man who robbed the old man of his sweetheart a generation before. As the stage play developed the theme, the spirit of the sweetheart of olden days brought the old fellow to a kindly view of the match.

The screen adapters, apparently afraid of the film public's reaction, have soft-pedalled the spirit appearance of the olden sweetheart with the result that much of the force of the original play, such as it was, is lost. The screen version wanders slowly along with confusing flashbacks until something of an appealing climax is reached when the ward meets her soldier lover for the first time after four years of war. Most of Miss Talmadge's work is highly artificial, but in this scene with Harrison Ford she offers several moving moments. As for the rest of the picture, we view her acting as merely of the surface type and lacking sincerity. Mr. Ford is better in "Smilin' Through" than we have ever glimpsed him before. The direction of Sidney Franklin is not aided by the confusing script, but the camera work of Charles Rosser is both beautiful and striking.

We note a decided cheapening of production average at Famous Players-Lasky. "Her Husband's Trademark," starring Gloria Swanson, is a case in point. This melodramatic effusion, written by Clara Beranger, is given a very shoddy background.

The tale itself is merely the story of an unscrupulous fellow who uses his attractive wife to further his questionable business activities. Eventually, wifely realizes this, and hubby is conveniently killed in a raid by Mexican bandits. The lady escapes with a rugged Westerner, the man of her heart, and, after the usual squad of United States Cavalry appears on the scene in the good old-fashioned way affected by the simple screen of 1900, she collapses into the hero's arms as the sun goes down behind the desert edge.

Gloria wears some highly attractive and some highly in attractive costumes during the progress of this mighty theme. Still, we always find Miss Swanson interesting. Director Sam Wood seems to have done the best he could with the material at hand, but the acting isn't anything to shout hosannas about.

Alla Nazimova's version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" (United), seems both lacking in the real force of the Norse playwright and in screen interest. In attempting to interpret Ibsen's drama of the butterfly wife who suddenly grows up to find that she has been a mere unthinking plaything, Mme. Nazimova has lost the vital spirit of the Scandinavian dramatist. Where "A Doll's House" is a blow at the false



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Richard Wallace
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ideals of the whole fabric of marriage, the screen version becomes merely the story of a misunderstood and disillusioned wife who feels she can no longer live with her husband. Moreover, it seems pretty clear by this time that Ibsen cannot yet be adequately presented in terms of the cinema.

Mme. Nazimova's Nora is interesting at times, as one might expect of this actress whose performance of this character was always interesting behind the footlights. Yet we cannot force ourselves to omit requesting her to avoid being kittenish. We do not think much of the surrounding cast in the present Ibsen venture.

Everyone has been predicting big things for Constance Talmadge's newest vehicle, "Polly of the Follies" (First National). Advance heralding had proclaimed it the best contribution of that scenario-directorial combination, John Emerson and Anita Loos. Well—we were disappointed.

"Polly of the Follies" is just the happy-go-lucky romance of a stage-struck country girl who comes to New York, makes a hit overnight in the Ziegfeld Frolic, wins a wealthy young man and thereupon invades society, where she displays marvelous acumen and generally readjusts various smart folks' difficulties. All of which leads to her marriage to the aforementioned young man. The whole thing is merely slapstick farce told at the tempo of a five-reel comedy. Every farce ingredient is utilized, even to a lengthy burlesque of Cleopatra.

"Polly of the Follies" has a momentary flash of comic interest in the early reels, when Polly does a silent play for her friends in the village grocery store, with advertising signs used as "sub-titles."

The piece is all Constance Talmadge. If you like her, you may find it as good or perhaps slightly better than her recent run of vehicles.

A. E. Thomas and Thomas Loudon's "The Champion" was a passable stage farce as presented a year or so ago by Grant Mitchell. The present version, released as "The World's Champion" (Paramount), is not so good.

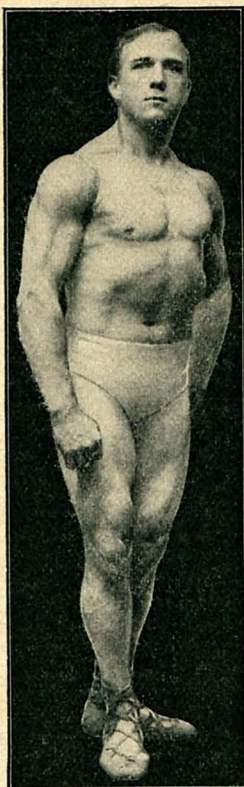
"The Champion" had something of an amusing idea, that of an English prodigal who returns to his society-ambitious British parents only to horrify them when he reveals that fact that he has been a pugilistic champion in the States. However, their horror turns to joy when the ex-champion brings them the very social recognition of which they had dreamed.

The film version tells this draggily and clumsily. Nor is Wallie Reid convincing as the hero of the ring, altho he gives a pleasant performance. Furthermore, the production shows indications of hurry and carelessness. W. J. Ferguson really stands out by one of his usual performances of a comic butler.

The German Ufa serial, "The Mistress of the World" (Paramount), of which we have been hearing so much in ad-

(Continued on page 96)

Is Some Girl Trusting In Your Honor!



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Is some pure, sweet girl looking forward to marrying you and some day making you the father of children who will be of your flesh and bone?

If you have asked such a girl to marry you—or have already married her—she is thinking of those children as happy, healthy, rollicking little creatures who will be a blessing to her home, and her belief that they will be so is based on her confidence in your HONOR.

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Have you ever taken stock of yourself as a progenitor of the human race? Have you ever examined YOURSELF half as carefully as you would a specimen of live stock, if you were a breeder of live stock, if you were a breeder of horses, dogs or cattle? You know that the eternal Law of Heredity affects every creature God has placed upon this earth, and you know how it will operate in YOUR case, if you become a father while you are not fit. LIKE BREEDS LIKE. The physical and mental characteristics and qualities of the sire reappear in the progeny, usually in an exaggerated degree.

What will your children be like, if YOU are sickly, weak and anemic, staggering along under chronic ailments, with your mind and muscles flabby and your vital organs out of order? It is the poor, weak, diseased, defective little ones of men in that condition that later on in life help fill our lunatic asylums and our jails.

Make Yourself Fit to Marry

Build yourself up into a real, red-blooded MAN. You never will be fit—you never can amount to anything in the world—while constipation is poisoning your system, dyspepsia and indigestion making your life a misery, chronic headaches unfitting you for work, nervous disorders or any other ailments sapping your vitality and taking all the energy out of you.

Get rid of those handicaps. You can do it, if you will make up your mind to stop drifting along; you can get off the toboggan that leads inevitably to the scrapheap of worn-out, useless men if you will take hold of yourself, exert your will-power, and ACT WITHOUT DELAY.

I'll Show You How

I'll teach YOU, as I already have taught thousands of other men, how to get at the CAUSE of your troubles and root it out.

I'll show you how to develop uniformly every muscle in your body, until your figure is manly and symmetrical; also those that control the function of the internal organs; I'll give you the facts that will enable you to strengthen your heart, lungs and every other vital organ; I'll tell you how my pupils, in every civilized part of the world, are becoming well, strong, virile MEN getting back their enthusiasm, their mental energy, their ability to enjoy life—how they are putting the renewed pep and punch into themselves that enables them to DO THINGS WORTH WHILE.

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| ..Lumbago | ..Biliousness | ..Skin Disorders |
| ..Neuritis | ..Torpid Liver | ..Despondency |
| ..Neuralgia | ..Indigestion | ..Round Shoulders |
| ..Flat Chest | ..Nervousness | ..Lung Troubles |
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He Plays Golf

(Continued from page 47)

our money. Just a little at a time, but each sum a little bigger than the one before, until today—"

He threw out his hands in a gesture that bespoke millions.

"Today I'm satisfied to play golf. You know; the gentleman of leisure. Do a picture now and then, belong to a couple of clubs, drive my car, kid the kids. I have two little girls. Women? No—"

He tilted back his chair again, shaking his head.

"No, not women. Woman. My wife is ninety-nine per cent. of my life. And by the way, she's the same wife. She was with me in the beginning and she'll be with me to the end."

An interesting evolution marked Barnes's progress on the stage. He started out as a magician, making ducks out of canaries, pulling rabbits out of silk hats, etc., *ad infinitum*. That explains his nervous hands. Not only nervous, but agile. He uses them with startling effect during the delivery of his monologs. And his feet. His constant movement, the accentuation lent to his words by his actions on the stage, probably account for the ease with which he took up pictures. But anyway, he started as a magician. Then he found that he was getting his applause not for his tricks, but for the remarks he passed with them. It was while he was playing Topeka, Kansas, at thirty-five dollars a week (now he's getting thirty-five hundred—maybe) that the manager said to him, "Drop the magic stuff. Talk to 'em." So, one by one, he dropped his slight-of-hand tricks until he was delivering monolog only. But that was way back; oh, not too far, but considerably, before his success on Broadway.

T. Roy is the embodiment of that neo-American product "the bright young man." Lotsa pep. He has set up an altar to the Laugh. Not the Horse Laugh. The genuine all-wool. And he has become a fanatic. Listen, isn't this fanaticism? When he misses the ball, even when he breaks his pet driver—he laughs! He explained it.

"Like this. Ha! ha! Ha, HA, HARRRRRRR! I dont want to laugh, see. But I laugh anyway. Ha, ha! Just to show 'em. It was hard at first. Took me years to perfect it. Now I almost enjoy it. Ha, ha! Just like that."

He parts his hair on the side and his life in the middle. That is to say, when he's acting he's an actor; when he plays golf he's a golfer. When he leaves the studio he forgets it.

"I make a business of it, and I dont take it home. Haven't got a picture in my home. Nor a press book. And my car's a dull black. Pictures are all right, they're fine—but not in the home. I play golf."

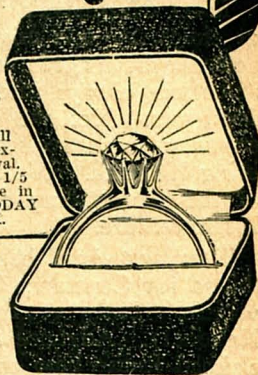
A man of enthusiasms obviously. A clever talker, too clever really to accept the mute medium of movies; too clever not too. An astonishing faculty for youth, an astonishing energy for Cali-

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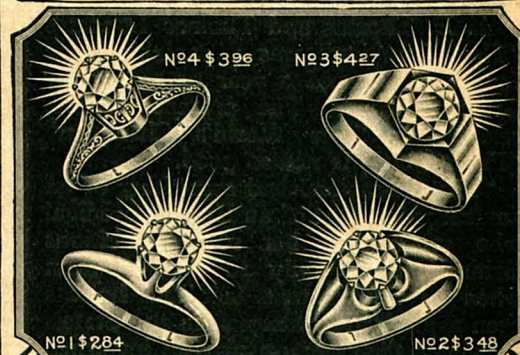
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fornia, an astonishing humor for Hollywood. True; he doesn't probe deeply. He couldn't and well retain his verve. But he soars, soars highly, which is infinitely more difficult, infinitely better, infinitely more diverting.

Because of the dearth of humorous pictures his face comes to us less frequently than others, but, on the principle that happy memories cling longest, having once beheld him, you will remember him. In his latest the Lasky version of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" he heads a company that includes such glittering names as Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Walter Hiers, Charles Ogle. In the matter of the Line and Laugh, then, he stands ace high.

Mr. Tee Roy Barnes. He plays golf.

Herself

(Continued from page 45)

And I found that, after all, she has the real success; the kind that is sound and very hard to lose, because it is, of all sorts, the most independent of the fickle minions of the public; the most sturdy, the most self-sufficient. It rests upon simple standards and hard and honest work and a sanity both clear and optimistic.

There will be a broad path left where she has trod.

A Young Lady In Earnest

(Continued from page 51)

where the fundamentals have become ingrained in me; I can forget them now and give my attention to the subtleties."

It is as tho, having blocked out her career, she is now preparing to fill it in, bring to it the vitalizing color of the finished canvas.

APRIL MORNING

By COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

Pan! I follow . . . follow
Up the sun-washed hill,
Down the shady hollow,
Over April lawns,
Wistful, green and still;
Thru woodlands
All apple-petal strewn,
Under dew, and moon,
And amber dawns;
Past the misty green of birches,
Past the blushing red of maples,
All soft and pink with buds.
Pan! Pan! Pan!

While all the world is sound asleep,
Thru thickets deep with you I creep,
Mad with the beauty of spring
And this mysterious thing

Which stirs and moves in me!
Pan! I follow after
Your half-mad, pagan laughter . . .
Pan, I offer up my lonely heart,
For now, now, now it has become a part
Of you! No longer is it mine:
Laughing, it goes with you
Among the haunted hills;
Dancing, it goes with you
Among the spring-born daffodils!
Pan! Pan! Pan!



How One Girl Brought Joy and Happiness Into the Lives of Others

The True Story of How Helen Overcame Natural Shyness and Soon Became the Most Popular Girl in Her Town

I USED to dread meeting new people for fear that they would not like me; consequently, instead of **overcoming** my shyness, it grew upon me, and I reached young ladyhood firmly convinced that I would always be unpopular.

I had the mistaken impression that one must be the "wittiest of the witty," possess an inexhaustible fund of general knowledge—in short, **dominate** every gathering and impress others with one's importance!

But, oh, what a wrong impression I had and how fortunately for me that I soon realized my mistaken viewpoint and discovered the road to popularity and happiness—both for myself and others.

How I Discovered My Secret of Popularity

First I asked myself **who** were the most popular people in our town, then I figured out just "why" they **were** popular. There was Tom Randall, one of the most popular boys in our set. His outstanding claim to social success was his ability to play the piano remarkably well. But Tom had spent much money and many years of tedious practice to attain his present state of accomplishment. So for me popularity by the piano route was out of the question. Next in order came Hazel Dawning, whose talent came in vocal accomplishment. Besides a charming, sweet disposition, she had a very clear medium voice, sang in the church choir and was well liked and invited everywhere. But there again entered the elements of expense and time which made success along these lines prohibitive for me.

Then there was Dick Bradley and Emily Nash, the best dancers in town. At every dance they were the most conspicuous figures, but otherwise not overly popular.

Last came Blanche Smith, a clever story-teller whose specialty was elocution. But here again entered the element of money and long study. I then realized that these boys and girls

Each Did One Thing Well

Also that they **contributed to the pleasure and happiness of others.**

Therefore, I determined to look around and find something that I could do well and **quickly** that would contribute to the pleasure of others while bringing happiness to me. At the same time I could not but be impressed with the fact that some form of **music** was the medium through which four out of five members of our set had attained popularity, and that of these Tom Randall, who played the piano, was the **most popular**. I laid this to the fact that Tom actually **contributed more** to the happiness of others, because he played for their entertainment, played for some to sing and played for others to dance.

Then one day I was reading True Story Magazine, when, on turning the page, there right before my very eyes, appeared the words that were nearest to my heart—"How to Become Popular."

And I eagerly read, "If you expect to be sought after, invited to parties, to be a leader in your particular set, the answer is very simple. Your popularity and leadership will be in exact proportion to what you yourself can **contribute** to the general entertainment."

"Have you ever noticed that **popular** girls and fellows are **popular** because they are good entertainers, because they are good company, and that therefore their companionship is sought?"

"Be popular. It's easy. Learn to play a Ukulele, the enchanting musical instrument that originated first on the sunny Hawaiian Islands and is now captivating people all over the world."

"Through our Home Study Course you can easily and quickly learn to play the enchanting chords and sweet strains of the Hawaiian Ukulele in a few simple lessons."

Then I learned that the entire course was very inexpensive and that they would give me a genuine Ukulele **FREE**, and, best of all, that I could pay for it on convenient terms, only four dollars down and two dollars a month thereafter until paid.

I sent my first payment at once and could hardly wait for my Ukulele to arrive. Soon it came, and what a beauty it was. And the lessons! How perfectly simple and easy to learn. Just think of it. By the time I had received my third lesson I was able to play tunes, chords and accompaniments. Then I quickly learned all the new popular airs, the old heart songs, and how to "rag" dance music.

Almost Immediately I became more popular

My friends began to invite me out more and more. I was kept busy attending dinner and card parties, church socials, dances, canoe trips, jolly picnics and outings, and always came the request, "Be sure and bring your Hawaiian Ukulele, and I always did."

Going around so much, I constantly met new and interesting people, and was often the honored guest at exclusive parties to which formerly I would not have been invited.

Also, where before I had been an embarrassed "wall-flower" and forced to spend lonely evenings at home, all my time is now greatly in demand.

And the remarkable fact to me is that previously I hardly knew one tune from another, did not have an "ear" for music, while now in only a few short weeks I have a new accomplishment and, unbelievable as it seems to me, I am called the most popular girl in our town.

Hawaiian Institute of Music

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Please send me at once, without obligation to me, your booklet telling all about the charm of Hawaiian Music, also full particulars about your course and how I can obtain a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, **FREE**.

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The Reducer is absolutely guaranteed to rid you of fat. If it does not show actual reduction taking place within 11 days, full trial period, its cost is refunded. Results usually come in 3 to 5 days.

No need to starve, exercise, take drugs or weakening baths. The Reducer does its work simply in 10-minute applications, night and morning. It gets rid of excess flesh only where you WANT to lose it. Not necessary to "reduce all over." No strain shows. It rejuvenates face and figure.

Start reducing NOW. Write for Dr. Lawton's Reducer TODAY. Send \$5, plus 20c for postage and packing (\$5.20 in all), and receive it in plain package by return mail. Nothing else to buy. Send at once.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON,
120 West 70th Street, Dept. 6, New York City

The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 93)

vance, got off to a bad start during the past month. Possibly it is unfair to review the Joe May serial after viewing only one of the four five-reel episodes, "The Dragon's Claw," but we feel that "The Mistress of the World" is not likely to win any admirers over here.

The opus tells the usual wild and unreasonable serial tale, this time of a Danish girl alone in China in quest of a hidden treasure. Unfortunately, the heroine, Mia May, is so Teutonic and heavy of general architecture that Americans will find it difficult to arouse any particular sympathetic interest. You feel all thru the gel's trying experiences that, at any time, she could wipe out the whole gang of villainous annoyers with one swing of her lusty right arm. In fact, the serial, altho presented seriously, aroused the frequent laughter of the New York audiences at its New York premiere. "The Mistress of the World" only needs humorous burlesque subtitles to go over with a comic bang.

Just a word about the steadily sustained merit of Buster Keaton comedies. The last few, including "The Boat," have been keenly laughable things. We defy anyone to contribute anything funnier to the screen than the moment where Buster mounts the sculptor's plaster horse in "The Goat," or his comic experiences with his trick yacht in "The Boat."

Channing of the Northwest
(Continued from page 57)

you like—and bushels of flowers, and a sewing basket, and—and—"

Dodson permitted an expression of surprise to flit across his impassible English countenance.

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Mortimer T. Prince. "The sewing basket is not for Hugh, you ass! He's bringing a wife home with him!"

LOOKING AT YOU!
By WALTER EDMAND MAIR


Here's to all gypsy-footed lovers
Who tread the tangled wood where twilight hovers,
Seeking the moonrise and a strange wind blowing
From where the world is big beyond their knowing.
Here's to all gypsy-footed lovers!

Here's to the youth who casually squanders
Stars, time and space, nor ever dourly ponders
Just where the new leaves off, or old begins;
Flicking, as froth from wine, his might-have-beens.
Here's to the youth who gaily squanders!

Here's to the maid not always dimly dreaming,
Who, by the restless sea, bids meteor-gleaming
Star-shine fling out her longing o'er the tide
And signal back her lover to her side—
Here's to the maid not always dreaming!

Here's to us few who fail to blink at thunder;
Who mind dull boredom rather than a blunder:
Man, maid, bright gypsy-hearted vagrants all,
Life is roulette—our hearts are with the ball!
Here's to us few who laugh at thunder!

THE BATHER



Acknowledged one of the best pictures on the art market today. It is REAL. It is true to LIFE. It is INNOCENT and very BEAUTIFUL. You cannot help admiring it because of the beauty of the figure, the woods, the water, the composition, the tones, the wonderful depths, the skylight, in fact all that goes to make this picture what it is. It is

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We are making the study in two sizes 6x10 or 10x20. The pictures are framed, or mounted on rich brown mounts, or unmounted to suit one's choice. Prices and sizes as given below.

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6x10	75	\$1.00	\$3.50
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Everyone admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. No need to envy good dancers who are popular and sought after in every social gathering. Arthur Murray, dancing teacher to the Vanderbills, has invented a remarkable new method which enables anyone to learn all the newest dances at home—in private, in only a few hours. Even a child can learn by this fascinating, easy method. You need no music or partner. More than 60,000 people have learned dancing by mail. Mr. Murray's instructions are guaranteed to be easier than those of a personal teacher. You can learn the Fox Trot, Waltz, Conversation Walk and other new dances at a fraction of the cost of personal lessons.

Free Dancing Lesson

To prove that Arthur Murray's remarkably simple picture method will make you an accomplished, confident dancer easily and quickly, he will send you, in plain cover, a sample dancing lesson without charge. No obligation. For mailing, send 10c. Will you write today? **HALF PRICE OFFER NOW ON!**

ARTHUR MURRAY SCHOOL OF DANCING, Studio 146, 290 Broadway, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., announce the opening of a department of photography at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn. We have installed a full equipment and studio for the taking of motion pictures and regular portrait work, and we are prepared to take motion pictures of weddings, lawn parties, factories, public events, and social affairs, as well as portraits and photos of country estates at any time and place. Besides Mr. David Oliver, who has successfully photographed five feature productions and many smaller ones, we have several other operators for the still camera, one of whom won nineteen prizes in one year in national photographic competitions.

All motion picture stars and others who are in the public eye are invited to sit for portraits without charge, since these are required by us for covers, colored inserts, interviews and gallery pictures in our four magazines. To all others a charge of \$10 a sitting will be made. Prints thereafter, \$3.00 each.

Sittings may be arranged by telephone, 6085 Main, or by correspondence.

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175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clear-Tone FOR PIMPLES



Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. \$1,000.00 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A Clear-Tone Skin"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

E.S. GIVENS, 223 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JUNE

Is Mary Pickford happy?

Everyone is interested in knowing about the golden crowned girl who has achieved international fame! **Adele Whitely Fletcher** has interviewed her—the result is a colorful word picture which treats of Mary and her search for happiness.

Mack Sennett discovered the pulchritude of the **bathing girl**. His views on life—and bathing girls—are interesting. **Harry Carr** has written a humorous article around this keen Irishman who has created scores of slapstick comedies.

Brides! Brides!! Brides!!! June is the wedding month. Most of the cinema stars have been brides in one or more of their rôles—the bridal pictures in the June number are beautiful and intriguing.

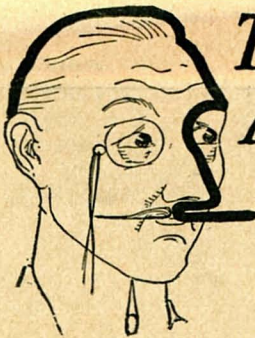
Miriam Cooper knows about the girls of Hollywood—she has been one of them. Perhaps that's why **Herbert Howe's** story with Miss Cooper, which is called "**Hollywood Girls**," is such an interesting and intimate affair.

Of course there are short stories of forthcoming photo-plays—there are pages upon pages of new and attractive photographs—and there is the latest news of cinemaland.

Dont miss

The June Motion Picture Magazine

(Ninety-seven)



The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!



New Easy Way to DRAW

How Easy!



Note how these few little lines are transformed into a picture.

One of the most fascinating, best paid businesses—yours, after a few minutes' training a day.



Delightful pastime! Endless fun! Acquire the knack in your spare time.

Invaluable asset in your present business. A few lines can drive home your intangible ideas. New way makes it easy to learn drawing.



THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for **anyone** to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive **personal** instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists, of 30 years' successful experience. Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Car-

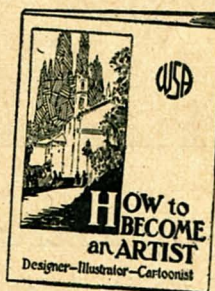
toonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "it's all a 'gift.'" Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from \$50 to \$500 or more! Many artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing!

Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching, YOU can earn big money as an artist, regardless of your present ability. Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it!

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you **without cost**. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.



Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail NOW.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist," and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

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can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. Destroys all bodily odors.
2. Checks perspiration without discomfort.
3. Absolutely harmless.
4. Actually benefits the skin.
5. Serves as a vanishing cream.
6. A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.

"WONDER"

is a necessity for every lady (or gentleman) who perspires too freely. You will be in many hot, close rooms this winter and you surely want to avoid being unpleasantly conspicuous. No soap, powder or perfume can hide offensive perspiration.

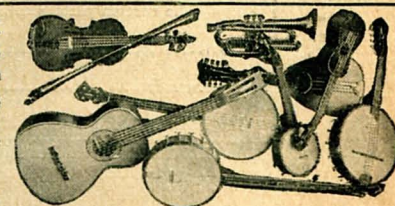
Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

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and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Banjo Guitar, or Banjo. Wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this free trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.

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Here is an easy guess for you

YOUR motion picture favorite shown here is lathered for a comfortable shave.

Do you recognize him?

Probably your first guess will be the right one, but we will give you three. Write your guesses on the attached coupon, and mail it to us.

If any one of your guesses is correct, we will send you, free, a Colgate "Handy Grip," with a trial size

Shaving Stick. When the trial stick is used up, buy Colgate "Refills" for the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy.

There is no guess about Colgate's. In hot water or cold, in soft water or hard, there is nothing like it for the moist, softening lather that means an easy shave.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon.

COLGATE & CO.

Est. 1806

NEW YORK

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 15, 199 Fulton Street, New York

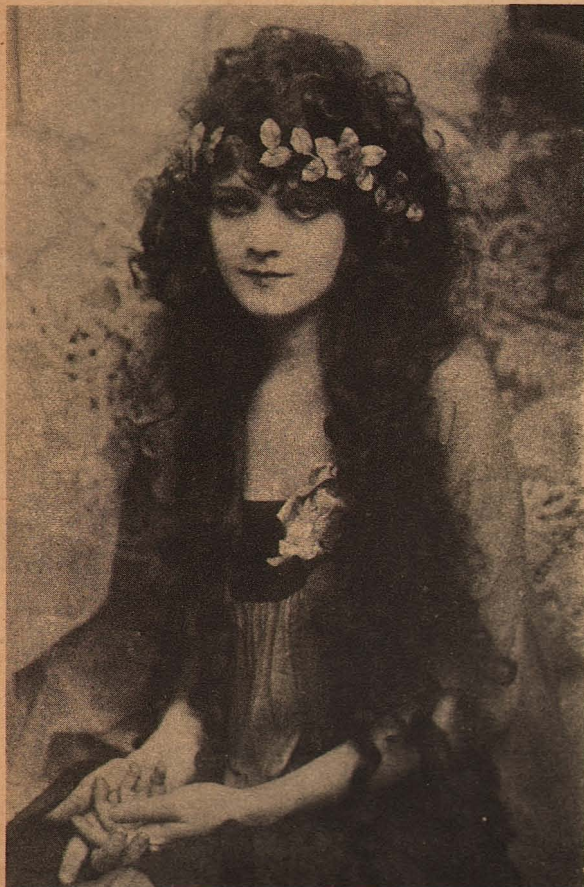
The motion picture actor shown in your advertisement in Motion Picture Classic for May is

(1)..... (2)..... or (3).....

My name is.....

My address

Corliss Palmer Powder



CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** and **BEAUTY MAGAZINE** have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

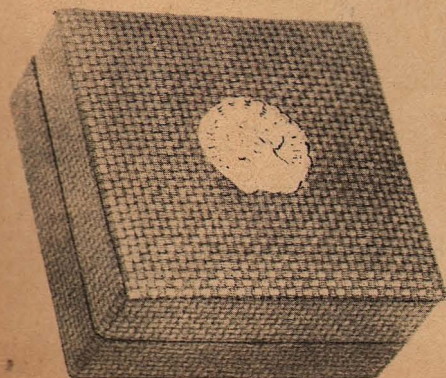
And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a One Dollar bill or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

CORLISS PALMER POWDER

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell **how**, but I can tell **why**. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about One Dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of
CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name

Street

City and State.....

Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn't get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you

get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal card request. Just say "Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo" and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-272

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*New size,
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